PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

*As we learn that the July issue of* NEW SHAKESPEAREANA *not infrequently fails to reach subscribers, possibly by their omission to notify us of their summer addresses (the Post Office not forwarding printed matters)—it is suggested that hereafter (experimentally at least) a double number for April-July be issued—the annual number of pages to, of course, remain the same.*

As NEW SHAKESPEAREANA is not, in any event, what might be classed as "Summer Reading," the above plan may, perhaps, on that account also, meet the approval of our subscribers, and we adopt it for the present April-July issue subject to their concurrence.

# NEW SHAKESPEAREANA.

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## THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE BACONIAN HYPOTHESIS IN THE UNITED STATES (A CHAPTER OF DR. MORGAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY).*

[In Mr. Traubel's fine Boswellian book—"With Walt Whitman in Camden," on page 31, I read this: "There is a string of eminent German Professors who have also come out for the Cause, notably among whom is Dr. Karl Muller of Stuttgart. He has translated our Appleton Morgan's 'Shakespearean Myth' into German, and it will have the honour of being published by the great House of Tauchtnitz. All this will be gall and wormwood to the literary gang here who for years, in their efforts to suppress us, have acted like the Dragon of Wantley in his dying moments." The speaker being not Whitman, but Mr. William Douglas O'Connor. In the following pages it will be seen in how far or in how little I am entitled to any part in Mr. O'Connor's enthusiasm. The Baconian Theory is, to me at least, a purely academic question—one on

*A prior chapter of Dr. Morgan's autobiography appeared in NEW SHAKESPEAREANA, ante Vol. IV, p. 8.

which I feel as at as perfect a liberty to argue on both sides of as a geometrician would feel in arguing that the circle could or could not be squared. I have always had the weakness of wanting to be fashionable and to believe that William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon wrote the Plays as printed in the First Folio. The following pages will perhaps reveal how far I have succeeded in being fashionable. Of course this first chapter is not exactly autobiographical, as I was but a lad of fourteen when Miss Bacon died in 1859. But as I afterward knew (as will appear) all of her important intimates and successor-protagonists, and as this chapter is essentially preliminary to my own part in the controversy, I write it almost as if at first-hand.]

Our British Cousins, who love to think that every good thing and every perfect thing cometh from the United States, insist upon crediting us with that troublesome and un-downable theory of an Anti-Shakespearean authorship! But it seems that we in America (which seems in common parlance, to mean the United States—at any rate not to include Canada —or South America) may not be entitled to that rather less than more delectable Honour. It seems that in the year 1779, according to Sir James Prior's Life of Malone (London-Smith Elder & Co., 1859, pp. 48-49) such a theory was not entirely unknown in London. The quotation is worth giving in full. "Editors and commentators appear at every turn in all societies. In the club-house we meet three or four of a morning. In the park we see them meditating by the Serpentine—no dinner table is without one or two. In the theatre you view them by the dozens * * * some descant upon his (Shakespeare's) sentiments, some upon his extravagances, some upon his wonderful creations, flights of imagination—some upon his language or phraseology, several suppose that he wrote more plays than he acknowledged, others that he fathered more than he had written, while the last opinions are still more original and extraordinary—that his name is akin to a myth, and that he wrote no plays at all!" There does not appear to be any further adumbration of a destructive theory until in or about the year 1840-1848 in New York City—(a city that Sir James Prior's "editors and commentators" would have been hard put to it to locate) it appears to have been discussed again. The evidence is, however, entirely collateral as follows:

There was published by the Harpers in New York City in the year 1848 a volume—"The Romance of Yachting," by Joseph C. Hart— It

was a pleasant, gossipy book, such as a gentleman of leisure and elegant tastes—such an one as used to be called in old fashioned times—a "poco-curante" would write on the deck of a yacht with plenty of leisure, intervening with notes of a cruise to Spain, such reflections, discussions and opinions, and the like as came to him. Arriving at his destination the author of the book, on the banks of the Guadalete—"the ancient Lethe," reflects upon the oblivion of all human things—and among other human things, of the Shakespeare Plays— "Alas Shakespeare" he exclaims "Lethe is upon thee! But if it drown thee it will give up and work the resurrection of better men and more worthy! Thou hast had thy century! They are about having theirs!" Pursuing this line of thought, the author adds this rather startling passage. "He (Shakespeare) was not the mate of the literary characters of his day, and none knew it better than himself. Is it a fraud upon the world to thrust his surreptitious fame upon us. He had none that was worthy of being transmitted. The inquiry will be, who were the able literary men who wrote the dramas imputed to him? The plays themselves will live as long as English literature is regarded as worth pursuit. The authorship of the plays is no otherwise material to us, then as a matter of curiosity, and to enable us to render exact justice. But they should not be assigned to Shakespeare alone, if at all." Now this gentleman, Col. Joseph C. Hart, was a lawyer and dilettante in New York City who was the intimate of such men of letters as N. P. Willis, Park Benjamin, Edgar Poe, Col. Porter—(editor of a then well-known semi-sporting weekly journal "The Spirit of the Times") Charles A. Briggs—and that coterie, the names of other members of which occur to us readily enough! He was afterwards appointed United States Consul to Santa Cruz de Teneriffe, where he died, in 1856. Now, it is rather difficult to imagine that Col. Hart, harboring such drastic opinions upon Shakespeare, should never have discussed them with such co-dilettanti as Willis or Porter, or with such serious literary workmen as Poe and Briggs. And it is quite equally difficult I think, to imagine that this anti-Shakespearean proposition occurred to Col. Hart a l'instant upon the yacht—for if it had he would, I think, have been unable to refrain from so mentioning. One does not write memoranda of a revolutionary proposition which occurs to him on a sudden, as if it had been his familiar companion for years! The pages of "The Romance of Yachting" are clearly enough discursive or discussive of the writer with himself, or a thinking aloud upon habituated hobby or hobbies. The context is plain enough testimony to that—as it seems to me!

So here then, we have a non-Shakespeare Theory—cropping out twice in a century! So far, however, there is no Bacon in it at all! But, in the year 1848, there was a Miss Delia Salter Bacon (the "Salter" was dropped, Mr. Theodore Bacon tells us, because of a sort of ridiculous connection between "Salter" and "Bacon"). She had lived a hard life from her earliest youth, a struggle with poverty always. She was the daughter of a Missionary who journeyed from Connecticut to New Connecticut—(as sometimes called—otherwise "the Western Reserve"—that strip of territory now inclusive of the State of Ohio and Indiana which the State of Connecticut once ceded to the Federal government, her title to it having been a visionary grant to the colony of Connecticut which beginning at an eastern boundary nowhere in particular, ran as was the generous habit of English Crown grants—westwardly to "The South Sea"). The mission was a failure and the missionary's family, even the youngest of it, were forced to earn their daily bread. Miss Delia and a sister had endeavored by teaching —(the only employment supposed to be open to women in those days) to support life. She had also tried to support herself by her pen. But in both pursuits nothing but failure had come. But in the year 1850, Miss Bacon, then nearing forty years of age, had begun to deliver lectures upon History, especially upon English literary History. And with a commanding and attractive presence she at last had become a somewhat pronounced success. She visited city after city on the Atlantic coast. Her plan was to form classes, to assemble them in private parlors—wherein, as on a Portico, she sat and in a continuous flow of what it is agreed by all chroniclers, was actual eloquence, communicated her instructions. These lectures or recitations, however, were always oral, and no report or minute of them has ever been discovered. The question now obtrudes itself—Did Miss Bacon ever hear of the discussion of the anti-Shakespearean theory—which we assume was in the air in Col. Hart's literary coterie? Nobody can answer that question. But Mrs. Eliza Farrar, wife of a Professor Farrar of Cambridge—(to whom and to Mr. Hawthorne—Mr. Theodore Bacon was mostly indebted for the facts contained in his "Life of Delia Bacon," (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, 1889) says distinctly, that in 1852, while delivering her instruction in Cambridge, Massachusetts, "Miss Bacon startled some of those who knew her best by her audacious utterances on the Authorship of Shakespeare, and expressed a desire to visit England to obtain proof of her theory that Shakespeare did not write the plays attributed to him." Mrs. Farrar further states that Miss Bacon's purposes and hopes were met

with chilling avoidance by the two or three ladies of Cambridge to whom she communicated them—friends and admirers though they were. But, at this point we have a piece of documentary evidence not only that Miss Bacon possessed the theory but that Bacon was to be the author to supplant Shakespeare! Mr. Theodore Bacon produces a letter, dated Concord, June 12th, 1852, from Ralph Waldo Emerson to Miss Bacon, acknowledging receipt of a letter in which the Baconian theory as we now know it must have been precisely and in terms stated. For Mr. Emerson writes "I am deeply gratified to observe the power of statement and the adequateness to the problem which this sketch of your argument evinces. Indeed, I value these fine weapons far above any special use they may be put to. And you will have need of enchanted instruments, nay alchemy itself, to melt into identity those two reputations (shall I call them?) The poet and the statesman both hitherto historical figures." So then, to Miss Bacon must be awarded, if not the destructive anti-Shakespeare, certainly the positive Baconian, Theory. There is therefore little escape from the statement that Miss Delia Bacon at some period prior to June twelfth, 1852, first connected the name of Bacon with the claim to the Authorship of Shakespeare. Where did she get it? Did it flash upon her from the burden of her studies, connected with the fact that her own name was Bacon? Mr. Theodore Bacon states distinctly that while for a moment it had seemed possible that Michael Bacon of Dedham, Massachusetts, an ancestor of Delia Bacon might have been a son of Lord Chancellor Bacon's half brother Edward, until it was discovered that that Michael had died in childhood—that even of this transient probability Miss Bacon had never even heard. So the idea could not have originated in genealogical aspiration.

But here intrudes another proposition—and a rather startling one. In the year 1835 (as the date is fixed by Miss Emma Emerson who is kind enough to answer an enquiry I addressed to her in March, 1907). Mr. Emerson delivered a lecture on Shakespeare in Boston. I can find no record of this lecture, but Miss Emerson thinks it was the nucleus of the one delivered in London in 1848—the one now entitled "Shakespeare the Poet," in "Representative Men." In this lecture occurs the following: "It appears that from year to year he [Shakespeare] owned a large share in the Blackfriars theatre * * * bought an estate in his native village, lived in the best house in Stratford, was intrusted by his neighbors with their commissions in London, as of borrowing money and the like * * * He was a veritable farmer * * * a good-natured sort of

man, an actor and shareholder in the theatre, not in any striking manner distinguished from other actors and managers. * * * And when we have come to the end of this gossip, no ray of relation appears with it and the goddess-born: And it seems as if, had we dipped at random into 'The Modern Plutarch,' and read any other life there, it would have fitted the poems as well." * * *

"The Egyptian verdict of the Shakespeare societies comes to mind; "that he was a jovial actor and manager. I cannot marry this fact to his "verse. Other admirable men have lived lives in some sort of keeping "with their thought, but this man in wide contrast * * * it must even "go into the world's history that the best poet led an obscure and profane life."

Could it be—after all—that such a passage as this—working in Miss Bacon's brain—produced her theory—and that from the coincidence of her own name, "Bacon," followed the remainder of the proposition? Perhaps if we had her letter to Emerson, his answer to which we have given above, this might appear. Or again, such a passage as this—spoken in 1835, so far as dates go—could have launched the New York coterie upon their discussions, which Col. Hart echoed in the yachting volume.

It seems to me that either Mr. Emerson himself must have had a weakness for the paradox, as he calls it, or else a decided wish to help Miss Bacon on—perhaps out of mere curiosity to see what she would make out of it. For certainly even after her spasmodic and screamsy paper on Putnams, (which one would suppose would have been intolerable to such a consumate moulder of dainty and precise sentences, and hater of superlatives as Mr. Emerson) he encouraged her, and I have always suspected that he induced Mr. Hawthorne to advance the money to print Miss Bacon's mad and impossible and hopeless book in London. For certainly its not inconsiderable cost—(it is a big royal octave of several hundred pages) must have been paid for by somebody. And no other name can be mentioned but Hawthorne's as having paid for it. Perhaps Mr. Hawthorne thought that to print the book was the cheapest way of disposing of Miss Bacon. But even this would not account for so evident an encouragement of Miss Bacon upon Mr. Emerson's part, especially after she had so entirely failed to formulate anything at all—pungent as her comments may have been. At least we may be certain of this: that Miss Delia Bacon first supplied the name of Francis Bacon to fill the gap Shakespeare should leave by his disappearance—and protagonists of the twentieth century are crowding to confess that—Shakespeare once removed—they can find nowhere in

Elizabeth's England the statesman, lawyer, philosopher, diplomatist, traveller, writer of books, student of nature and of human loves, hates, fears and passions, to fill the gap, unless they however reluctantly (and my observation is that most of them do it reluctantly) pitch upon Francis Bacon! If these passages, or their import, were in the Boston nucleus of Mr. Emerson's lecture, and if they suggested as indeed they well might have suggested —her Baconian theory to Miss Bacon—then I don't well see how we can escape giving the very first origin of it to Mr. Emerson, however, unconsciously building better—or worse than he knew. And moreover, Mr. Emerson, (whether or not he knew and repented the mischief he had done), seems never to have surrendered his own doubts. For Mr. Conway, (Emerson at Home and Abroad, page 101) reports him as saying many years later, "Shakespeare is a voice merely: who and what he was that sang, we know not.* Nor did he even utter a word of adverse opinion as to Miss Bacon's theory, or of her methods of exploitation of it (whether because he knew that she derived it from himself and so led him to silence—or not, who shall guess?) Later, February 18, 1858, when Miss Bacon's sickness was reported to him he wrote to her brother the Rev. Leonard Bacon, "I could heartily wish that I had very different news to send you of a person who has high claims on one and on all of us who love genius and elevation of character. These qualities have so shown in Miss Bacon that whilst their present eclipse is the greater calamity, it seems as if the care of her in these distressing circumstances ought not to be at private, but at the public charge of scholars and friends of learning and of truth." The addition "and of truth," appears to me in a writer who weighs his words—to mean a good deal, and it would appear too, as if he were fond of hinting at the existence of the theory. Dr. Holmes reports that once upon discussing whether Shakespeare or Beaumont or Fletcher wrote certain passages in Measure for Measure—he said "The internal evidence is all for one, none for the others—if he did not write it, they did not, and we shall have some fourth unknown singer." (Holmes' Life of Emerson, p. 128) and, according to Edwin Reed—when Mr. Emerson spoke of Miss Bacon, he would say, "she has opened a discussion that will never be closed."

But at all events, prior to the date, June 12th, 1852, there is no

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*As these pages are passing through the press, I read in Mr. Conway's "Pilgrimage to the Wise Men of the East," that he himself has always believed that Miss Bacon got the idea of her Theory from the passage I have quoted from Emerson's lecture.

real claimant to that distinction, if it be a distinction, otherwise. As all wise men have observed, certain things get into the air,—and it is interesting to note that, in Chambers Edinburgh Journal for August, in the same year, 1852, there is an article "Who Wrote Shakespeare?" This article which states the problem as we have seen it stated so many thousands of times since—distinctly—but with considerable humor as well—begins by quoting Lady Bab's question in High Life Below Stairs, "Who wrote Shikspur? and proceeds: "May not William Shakspeare—the cautious calculating man, careless of fame and intent only on money making, have found in some furtherest garret overlooking the silent highway of the Thames, some pale, wasted student, with a brow as lofty and as ample as his own, who had written The Wars of the Roses, and who with eyes of genius gleaming with disdain was about, like Chatterton to spend his last copper coin upon some cheap and speedy mode of death? What was to prevent William Shakespeare from reading, appreciating and purchasing these dramas, and thereafter keeping his poet as Mrs. Packwood did?"

Right here then—between the date of the last letter answered by Mr. Emerson (he says he waited "a good hour" but that may not have meant as exact an hour as Falstaff fought by Shrewsbury clock, before answering it) and the 7th day of August, 1852—lies the birth of the Baconian Theory. If it is important to know its birthday—this is as nearly as we can get to it. But, anyhow, with this documentary evidence before us, it seems superfluous to consider whether Miss Bacon's claims can be disputed by the publication in brochure of Mr. William Henry Smith's letter to Lord Ellismere—which appears in London in September, 1856.

But now comes the sad eventful history of it all. Mr. Emerson in his letter of June 12th, proposes a magazine article at once, and suggests—"if you will send me your first chapter I will at once make my endeavor to put it into the best channel I can find—Blackwood or Fraser. Mr. Theodore Bacon (in his Life of Delia Bacon) gives a minute account of the transactions and correspondence which now followed. But the upshot was, that Mr. Emerson selected Putnam's Magazine, published in New York City—instead of "Blackwood or Fraser" and, in its issue for January, 1856, this first chapter the famous article "William Shakespeare and his Plays, An Inquiry Concerning Them?" saw the light. We have seen that Miss Bacon's lectures on History were never prepared before hand or committed to paper. Now while the ability to speak extemporaneously has its great advantages, it also has great disadvantages, if the speaker desires to print for a wider audience what one extemporane-

ously delivers. Miss Bacon's article is certainly eloquent—and its wealth of allusion, not only to occult ancient lore but to current departments of research and information is exceedingly remarkable and the satire is bitter and the sarcasm fine. But the paper is nevertheless an exceptional sample of the axiom that easy writing makes hard reading. It has neither beginning, middle nor end. It plunges in medias res and out again, a dozen times in a page, and, except for its Title just quoted—it is to be doubted if its readers could have found out much about what its author was driving at. It formulates nothing—it even postulates nothing! To launch a formidable Theory is one thing—to expatiate upon it is the next thing undoubtedly—but to expatiate upon a Theory before it is launched, cannot be anything but absurd. But this article is so involved—parenthesis inside of parenthesis, adverbal and adjectival clauses separated only by dashes and commas until ones brain wearies of finding subjects to predicates—or hitching predicates to subjects—that a reader is mostly forced to give it up as hopeless. But, unfortunately, the parentheses were not the worst of it. The style was hectic, feverish, and whereas in discussing an historical question one should if anywhere cultivate the calm and mathematical precision of fact, Miss Bacon pipes and whistles, and—as in the following passage—actually shrieks. "He had those manuscripts. In the name of that sovereign reason, whose name he dares to take upon his lips so often, what did he do with them? * * * Is not he a private economical, practical man, this Shakespeare of ours—with no staff and nonsense about him a plain true-blooded Englishman who minds his own business? * * * What did he do with them? He gave them to his cook, or Dr. Hall to put up potions for his patients, or Judith—poor Judith—who signified her relationship to the author of Lear and the Tempest and her rights to the glory of the name he gave her by the very extraordinary kind of mark which she affixes to legal instruments—poor Judith may have curled her hair with them without dreaming of any harm. What did he do with them? And whose business is it? Wer'nt they his own * * * No, traitor and miscreant! No! what did you do with them? You have skulkled this question long enough. You will have to account for them. You will have to tell us what you did with them? The awakening ages will put more on the stand and you will not leave it until you answer the question what did you do with them?" And so forth, and so forth—no progress in demonstration—no argument—no facts—only invective, sarcasm and explosion! Bacon's name is not mentioned, and—except incidentally as above—Shakespeare's is not—except

in the title. Of course nothing could be more unutterable rubbish than this! A man is neither a "Traitor" nor a "Miscreant" because he happens not to have written the Shakespeare plays; and "those manuscripts" having been used for printer's copy and the Plays being in print, it was of no practical importance to Literature whether Miss Judith used them for curl papers or not! The wonder is that, after such shrieking incapacity Mr. Emerson did not withdraw his active promotion of Miss Bacon's career. But he did not. He was instrumental in getting her off to Europe (which one might suspect to be a pis aller had Mr. Emerson been a man of the world, and except that he gave her letters to Carlyle and arranged with Putnams for two more papers; which, as we shall see, were too much for the publishers—even with Mr. Emerson's approbation).

The fact is, that poor Miss Bacon did not advance the Bacon Theory a single step, either historically or argumentatively. Rather she was the first to handicap it, as it has ever been its fate to be handicapped by Donnelly, Owen, Gallup and every "crank" and half-baked seeker after paradox who has been attracted by its possibilities. Except the single allegation of collateral evidence that Miss Bacon stated to Mr. Emerson a proposition to place Bacon in the stead of Shakespeare as author of the Plays which we draw from. Emerson's letter of June 12th, 1852, her strange, eventful history is only one more proof that she had not the mental stamina to support, much less to deal with, so revolutionary an historical proposition. The only piece of practical common sense I can find that she ever evinced was that when she heard that the manuscripts she left with Messrs. Dix and Edwards had been lost, she recognized that there was a privity of contract only between herself and the publishers to whom she had delivered them—and proposed to bring an action for damages for their value—which she placed at $300.00, (Theodore Bacon's Life of Delia Bacon, page 209). She was dissuaded from bringing this action by Mr. Hawthorne (Id. page 213). If she had brought such an action the question of the value of the Mss. thus raised might have resulted in a judicial delimination of the precise money value of the Baconian Theory—and that would certainly have saved some of us considerable speculation.

It was very unfortunate that what was actually the first appearance in print of a serious literary and historical question should come with all this rhodomontade and thunder in the Index! It has never recovered from this fatal first appearance in staccato and falsetto. Not all the judical calm of Judge Holmes—the poise of Lord Palmerston—the quiet dictum of Gladstone that the Baconian Theory was worthy of serious

attention and deserved the finest scrutiny—not even the fact that not a single Professor of English Literature in an American or an English University—nor a single professional book-reviewer, has tampered with it (leaving it mostly to lawyers, Judges, Statesmen and men of affairs) not even all these have sufficed to efface this bad eminence of the Baconian Theory's Birthmark! Owing to Mr. Emerson's urgency, the publishers of Putnam had agreed to take not only this but three other papers. But while the first paper attracted wide attention, its publishers begun to regret their bargain. A letter from these publishers, Messrs. Dix & Edwards, is extant, in which they say: "A reading of your second, third and fourth articles convinces us that Mr. Emerson is right as to the publication of the work. It shall decidedly appear in a complete book, and not in a magazine. These articles are so general in their nature, and apparently make so little progress in the demonstration of the main proposition; that, if given separately, they would weaken rather than increase the interest in the subject. Indeed, after having put the second article in type we have withheld it for that reason."

Mr. O'Connor naturally could not accept so tame and commercial an explanation. Everything he affected was of divine origin (he saw a nimbus exuding from the personal presence of Whitman) and nothing he cared for disappeared—if it disappeared at all—in the ordinary course of events, but was downed by the conspiracy of Molochs and bad Giants! This is the account he gave in a letter to Mr. Donnelly who printed it in the latters "Great Cryptogram" (Appendix). "When the first article appeared in Putnam's, Richard Grant White and some other Shakespeareolaters tore down Putnam's—howled over the profanation like coyotes, and finally scared him into discontinuing their publication." (This is of course Mr. O'Connor's characteristic English, no one yet has ever succeeded in writing exactly in his style—anything he disapproved of was Spawn of the Pit.) But—having accounted for their non-publication—Miss Bacon's manuscript of the two papers was to be accounted for—and that was done in this wise: "It was sent to Mr. Emerson's brother, William Emerson at New York for safe-keeping. In some way and for some reason which I cannot gather it was passed over to the care of Miss P———R. at [sic]Staten Island. When Miss Bacon [who was then in England, on hearing that the papers were rejected] wrote for this manuscript. Miss R. was asked to have it brought over to New York to William Emerson. The story goes that she got into a close carriage with the manuscript, with the intention of driving to the ferry—crossing over to New

York, and delivering it to William Emerson. It was in the dark twilight of an Autumn evening, the roads were miry and full of holes, and the carriage jogged and swayed as it rolled. In one of these vehicular convulsions the package rolled from Miss R———s lap into the straw-covered bottom of the carriage. Miss R——— put her hand down in search of it, and, not coming upon it reflected that it was perfectly safe in the close interior and would be better found when the carriage arrived at the ferry, when its motions would cease and light would aid the search. Presently the terminus was reached, but the Mss. could not be found, though a vigorous investigation was made. I was told that it was advertised for, but nothing was ever heard of it." This picturesque piece of word-painting in Mr. O'Connor's best vein, with its Johnsoneese "vehicular convulsions," and its "dark twilight" (which makes the reader feel as if he were himself plotting some deed without a name), is contrived of course to suggest that bad Shakespeareans were already at work to prevent Miss Bacon's dangerous revelations of the Truth! The fact of the Dix and Edwards letter, after they had actually put a second article into print, abandoning it because found to be incoherent, and so on, was far too plausible an explanation to appeal to Mr. O'Connor. But his selection of Mr. White as a conspirator was unfortunate. For Mr. White, while an admirable textual critic, never expressed himself as an admirer of William Shakespeare the man. He spoke of him as "lacking the moral sense" and went so far as to advise no one who would preserve any elevated idea connected with Shakespeare's personality to visit Stratford-on-Avon. (England Without and Within, page 529).

It is unnecessary to follow Miss Bacon's sad story from this to the grave in the old burying ground at New Haven where she lies under the legend: "And so He bringeth them to their desired Haven." Mr. Theodore Bacon, later of the City of Rochester, New York, her nephew, who was a distinguished lawyer with a brilliant record in the Civil War, and who was a candidate for the bench of the Federal Court as well as for many important political offices, has written it out in full; and it is one of the saddest as well as one of the most absorbing books to one interested in these matters at all, that we ever read. The poor lady after a fearful experience of poverty and helplessness had her opportunity, and her big book "The Philosophy of The Plays of Shakespeare Unfolded. By Delia Bacon," was actually published in London. But the fatality of the first paper was yet more fatally repeated here; the harrowing involved and involuted parentheses and the interminable sentences—were multi-

plied seven-fold—some of the sentences run over three pages, in print, and there seems to have been no effort to shorten them by either an editor or a proof-reader. Mr. Theodore Bacon gave me a foolscap page of manuscript of this book and it is before me, mounted in its place among the printed pages. The entire foolscap page is a part of one sentence—with only colons, semi-colons or dashes to rarely intervene between the words. (Two thousand words on a single foolscap page). Mr. Hawthorne, indeed apologizes somewhat in "Our Old Home" for this trouble (which even if nothing else had happened—would have damned the book as deeply as it was, as a matter of fact, damned on both sides of the ocean) by saying that Miss Bacon would suffer nobody to touch her work. But it seems, as things are done at present at any rate, as if some mechanical attention should have been given to the "copy"—before it was set up. Mr. Hawthorne—who relaxed no effort to do the utmost for Miss Bacon, not only with his over and over again (as he tells us) rejected literary advice, but with his private purse, wrote a Preface to the book—in which he says—that whatever may be said of Miss Bacon's theory (which so far as I can find, is again nowhere in anywise formulated or even stated in general terms, in this huge book) "she has laid upon the Poet's grave the noblest tributary wreath that has ever rested there." A hyperbole which may be permitted him. In "Our Old Home" ("Recollections of a Gifted Woman"). Mr. Hawthorne complains bitterly that the inevitable ridicule and opprobrium with which the book was received by English critics—should have been repeated in the United States. "Our journals at once reprinted some of the most brutal vituperations of the English press, thus pelting their poor country-women with stolen mud, without waiting even to know whether the ignominy was deserved;" and he adds, "I believe that it has been the fate of this remarkable book never to have had but a single reader. I myself am acquainted with it only in insulated chapters and scattered pages and paragraphs. But since my return to America, a young man of genius and enthusiasm has assured me that he has positively read the book from beginning to end, and is completely a convert to its doctrines. It belongs to him, therefore, and not to me—whom in almost the last letter I received from her (Miss Bacon) she declared unworthy to meddle with her work—it belongs surely to this one individual—who has done her so much justice as to know what she wrote to place Miss Bacon due possessor before the public and posterity!" This "young man of genius and enthusiasm," was the Wililam Douglass O'Connor already mentioned and of whom I shall have more to say in these

Memoirs. I knew him in the later years of his life, but he had transferred to Whitman all his enthusiasm and saved little to talk of anybody else. He believed however in the Baconian theory—even to Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's cipher—which (without knowing much about it, as I thought), he completely adopted and championed it to the last letter and numeral (and it was mostly letters and numerals). I asked him several times why he had not "placed Miss Bacon in her due position before the public and posterity," as Hawthorne had suggested, but he always avoided the subject, and once when I rather pointedly held him to it, and told him that Mr. Donnelly had mentioned to me in introducing the subject of the cipher to me first, that he was led to it by Miss Bacon's use of the word "cipher"—he (Mr. O'Connor) replied that Miss Bacon never looked for a cipher at all, but that the glory was Mr. Donnelly's alone." I called Mr. O'Connor's attention to the following in Mr. Theodore Bacon's "Life" (speaking of Delia Bacon's last moments) "She recognized and said so that she had been under delusion—though in these solemn moments of final parting, what some have thought the great delusion of her life was neither spoken nor thought of." But Mr. O'Connor repudiated with great energy, not to say violence, the idea that Miss Bacon ever recanted.

Did Miss Bacon ever attempt to open Shakespeare's grave—Mrs. Farrar says that she did—that she came to Stratford for the pupose and announced it—that everybody humoured her—(as it was probably the easiest thing to do;) that the Vicar and sexton feigned to offer her every assistance,—and that, at her own request the sexton locked her up in the church one night and allowed her to test for herself the impossibility of her lifting the stone unaided. But Mrs. Farrar probably wrote from Miss Bacon's statements to her, made at a time when Miss Bacon was so mentally unbalanced, as to be unable to separate fantasies from facts. The late Mr. Charles E. Flower whom I met when the Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon; says: "Of course, in the accounts of Miss Bacon's life there are growing up all sorts of sensational stories. One which seems to be most frequently repeated and taken for granted, is that she obtained permission to open Shakespeare's tomb and for this purpose was locked up in the church all night. This is entirely without foundation. The mere fact of its being known that it was her wish to have the grave of Shakespeare opened would have been sufficient to prevent her doing this, and justifying a refusal. Mr. Kyte, who was the parish clerk at that time, assures me that she was never in the church after the usual time for admitting visitors; and Mrs. Ryder (with whom Miss Bacon boarded and lodged) also states that, during the whole

time she was in Stratford she never was absent from her lodgings for a single night." In my friend Moncure D. Conway's delightful volume, "My Pilgrimage to the Wise Men of the East," he says "In Calcutta I met Mr. Henry G. Atkinson, Harriet Martineau's famous friend, and I found that the Baconian Theory was his substitute for Christianity. That this idea about Bacon writing Shakespeare (says Mr. Conway) should flit around the world and fill its believers with an exhaltation and peace the world cannot give, is phenomenal! Perhaps Mr. Conway, who has himself found exhaltation and peace in his benevolent agnosticism in patristic and eschatological matters, can imagine just how the higher criticism of Shakespeare has brought peace to those who like Mr. Emerson, cannot marry Shakespeare to his verse. And just as it is the Clergy and not the Laiety from which the most drastic upsetting of Theologies comes, just so it is from the profoundest of Shakespearean scholarship that these anti-Shakespearean doubts are launched—not always confessed indeed—for, as Hamlet declared as to the proposition that old men had gray beards, and that their faces were wrinkled "all of which, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down"—perhaps they feel that much may be esoterically entertained that is not quite to be exoterically preached.

The Bacon Theory did not give that peace which the world cannot give to poor Delia Bacon. But it seemed to have tamed Carlyle. When Miss Bacon stated the proposition to him "his roars shook the roof, and actually stunned the gentlemen he had invited to hear Miss Bacon's disclosures. But Miss Bacon did not mind it in the least—told this Ursa Major to his face that he did not know what was in the plays, if he said 'that Booby' wrote them—and then Carlyle began to shriek until you could have heard him a mile. But eventually he roared as gently as any sucking dove. He became not only a docile correspondent but (as the letters published by Theodore Bacon prove) an actual Fidus Achates of Miss Bacon's, advising her as to choice of lodgings—hunting ones up for her, and even inviting her to make his home hers, until he and Mrs. Carlyle saw her satisfactorily settled. If any other human being ever led Carlyle by the nose, his biographies do not disclose it. It seems perfectly unaccountable, therefore, that with two such slaves as Hawthorne and Carlyle, Miss Bacon should have been permitted to publish this huge volume, in which, I doubt if the wisest among us to-day can find an intelligible page. But here is the book! I have guessed Mr. Hawthorne not only guaranteed but actually paid in full, its cost, which could hardly have been much less than one hundred and fifty or two hun-

dred pounds. Possibly it was the cheapest way of settling the matter. Certainly it did settle the matter so far as Miss Bacon was concerned. Her end came very swiftly after the book was actually in print. After it was published, she would hardly see any one; and when two or three unfavorable criticisms came out her madness began to show itself. But it was not until she became persuaded that "The Times" refused to take any notice of it that her madness positively declared itself. In December, 1857, she was removed to a private insane asylum at Henley-in-Arden, eight miles from Stratford—and there her nephew, afterwards the Rev. Dr. George Bladgden Bacon (whom I knew later as the Pastor of the Valley Congregational Church, Orange, New Jersey, where he died September 15, 1876) found her as if by accident, and tenderly brought her home where she lingered for two years, expiring September 2nd, 1859.

Meanwhile the Baconian Theory still waited to be stated precisely and in terms. My dear friend Mr. William H. Wyman, who while harboring no more doubt about the identity of the author of Shakespeare's Plays then he did about his own—had a fancy for collecting every scrap of print, book, pamphlet, magazine articles or newspaper clipping upon the anti-Shakespearean madness one way or the other. He printed his famous "Bibliography of the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy" in Cincinnati, in 1884, with two hundred and fifty-two more or less important titles (grouping less important one under a single numeral) and he continued in "Shakespeareana" until the items became so numerous that even he grew disgusted and gave it up. But he finds only desultory discussion of current interest at the time, and records little worth much mention at present, when we have portentious volumes by the dozen from America, England and Germany. But in 1866, the theory, at least, found able and distinguished counsel. In that year Hurd & Houghton (now Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) published "The Authorship of Shakespeare" by the Hon. Nathaniel Holmes. Of Judge Holmes, whom I came to know well and to admire as a man of severe judgment and the least likely person I ever met to be misled by appearances or coincidences, I will speak in my next instalments of this autobiography.

APPLETON MORGAN.

## TWO RECENT DISCUSSIONS OF THE NORTHUMBERLAND MANUSCRIPT.

(*Second Paper. See Vol. V., page 128.*)

Before continuing the examination of the scribble on the title page, it may be well to say that in view of the fact that the pious search of three centuries has failed to unearth the smallest morsel of manuscript bearing the name of Shakespeare, save only a few writings which related to him in regard to business or legal transactions, it seems remarkable that this cover of the Northumberland Manuscript; which *does* bear his name and the names of several of the plays known as his; should never by any accident be alluded to in any orthodox biography, syllabus, commentary, or edition of the Plays or Poems! And that only in Baconian books and writings should we have been able to hear of it. The curious fact has been noted that when the staid old "Athenaeum" was obliged to review the Burgoyne volume, now under consideration, its reviewer was most obviously careful to steer clear of the slightest mention of the only possible historical value that the manuscript could possess (since its contents were all accessible elsewhere over and over again) to wit: this juxtaposition of the names Bacon and Shakespeare and of the names of works accredited to each. In this paper, I am not arguing for Baconian Theory, but I must admit that is is not easy to forget that an attempt to suppress the fact of the existence of this matter gives it at once an importance warranting a careful discussion of its possible origin. It must be admitted, however, that Mr. Burgoyne, while apparently (like his reviewer in "The Athenaeum,") avoiding any possible surmise as to what the scribble on the cover means, does not attempt to cloud any feature thereof, which would tempt investigation. So much cannot be said in regard to Mr. Douse. It is to be regretted that his introduction is to all appearances, an elaborate attempt to draw the reader away from the inference suggested by the juxtaposition of the names. He says: "— my doubts as to the 'Praises' having come from Bacon are that there is not a tittle of evidence to put against the fact that the MS. was in the possession of the Earls of Northumberland, that a copyist was hardly likely to take a whole quire, 96 pages, for entering material that would not occupy a quarter of the space and that the handwriting was entirely strange to Spedding; for he describes it as probably that of an ignorant lawyer's clerk who either used no points or used them wrongly." (Query: What has this to do with the only question, viz: What was running in the scribbler's mind?) And

when Mr. Douse in a long and circumstantial examination of the minutiae of the scribble as to its dimensions and characteristics, with an amount of perfectly familiar detail about every person named and about everything anywhere except the one thing we are eager to read about, winds up with this platitude: "I will say no more except that in John Davies of Hereford we have a witness of the very highest character, whose testimony to the personality and achievements of his contemporaries, and especially of Shakespeare, is based on first hand knowledge and is incontestible!" what are we to conclude? What Mr. Burgoyne avoids mentioning and what Mr. Douse buries under reams of laborious detail of no more value than so much sawdust, seems to be left to others to try to discover. All that is to be learned from Messrs. Burgoyne and Douse is that they agree that John Davies of Hereford wrote the body of the Manuscript. As to whether he scribbled on the cover during an idle interval of the work they are careful not to commit themselves. So, referring readers back to the fac-simile on the cover transliterated into modern script Vol. V, page 129, I proceed with the examination of the scribble.

The question naturally arises, how could it be that a manuscript like this, either prepared under Bacon's directions for presentation to the Earl, or copied by the Earl's orders, could either while in the possession of Bacon or the Earl, come to be used in this way as a scribbling pad? The only solution to me occurring at the moment is, that it had been considered imperfect or incomplete, or for some other reason unsatisfactory, and abandoned for a more perfect copy. That it is incomplete is obvious, as several of the papers listed for transcription do not appear at all, and several are transcribed only in part, notably "Leicester's Commonwealth," the copy of which has neither beginning nor end. In any case, however, the cover was used for scribbling upon.

Proceeding down the left hand side of the scribbled page, the next thing we come to is the word "honorificabilitudine." This occurs just below the Latin verse. It may or may not refer to "honorificabilitudinitatibus" in "Love's Labour's Lost," but it probably does. It is true that the jawbreaker was used by Nashe and others at earlier dates, but as it is very evident that the name "Shakespeare" was running through the scribbler's mind—the name occurs more times than the total of all the others—it seems far the most probable theory that the long word in "Love's Labours Lost" was the conscious or sub-conscious impulse impelling the writer's pen, especially as the date agreed upon as that of the manuscript is very close to that of the first publication of "Love's Labour's Lost." Following down the

left hand side of the page we come to this, written across the page: "By Mr. William Shakespeare Bacon." The name "William Shakespeare" cut into the column of titles between "Essaries by the same author" and "Rychard the second," making the apparent and somewhat startling reading:

"By Mr. Francis William Shakespeare
Bacon Rychard the second
Rychard the third."

Over the first of these two lines, is the name "ffrancis" inverted. Between them is written, also inverted, the words, "your sovereign." I have no comment to make on this singular "derangement of epitaphs." Continuing to follow down the left hand side of the page, we next come to, "Bacon end of the hall." Then "Asmund and Cornelia," which is apparently merely copied from the title-list opposite; and then, zigzagging down the page: "revealing day through every cranny peepes and see William Shakespeare Shak Sh." The quotation, slightly inaccurate, is of course, from "Lucrece" clvi, where it reads, "Revealing day through every cranny spies."

The part of the page below this, on both sides, is closely written over with the name "William Shakespeare" or fragments of that name, such as "Shak," "Sh," "William," "Will," "Shakespe," "Wm." Altogether the name William Shakespeare occurs in full on the page four times, in six instances one or the other of the names appears abbreviated. Francis Bacon is named, in full, twice; by one name only, seven times. Fragments of the name of Thomas Nashe are also scattered about the part of the page where "The Ile of Dogs" is listed. On the reverse of this page, (the "overleaf," as Mr. Douse calls it), occur the names and phrases. "Thomas," "Imitat," "oftsing turner," "Imitatio refusing," "imprisonment," "resolved in the," "but yourself in prince (or imprimis)," "Anthonie ffitzherbert." The "Thomas" and "imitatio" may or may not be, as Mr. Douse suggests, a reference to Thomas á Kempis's "Imitation of Christ;" but Anthony Fitzherbert was a lawyer in the time of Henry VIII, and his grandson, Thomas, found it necessary to seek the protection of Philip II. Here we have Philip again. This Thomas Fitzherbert was very intimate with the Jesuits Campion and Parsons, and he may be the friend whom the scribbler feared was straying from the fold, and perhaps also the "multis annis" lines refer to him; and he, and not á Kempis, may be the "Thomas" meant. Mr. Douse says, "In those earlier times the scribbler must have known something of Bacon; for the entry, 'Anthony, Comfort and Consorte', shows that he

was aware of the relations subsisting between the two brothers,—that Anthony was the companion and support of Francis, the spendthrift, whom to keep out of prison he impoverished himself, and then did not succeed. It also suggests a rebuke of the toadyism of Francis in selecting and *more suo* grossly flattering the terrible old termagant on the throne as the 'worthiest person,' in preference to such a brother." It certainly does seem to show that the scribbler was aware of the relations existing between the two brothers, but that it implies a rebuke is entirely in Mr. Douse's imagination. Everybody flattered the Queen; Bacon certainly no more than others, and that Anthony should appear as a rival to the Queen for Francis Bacon's flattery is a decidedly comical notion. Moreover, Anthony never impoverished himself for his brother. If he impoverished himself at all it was in the service of his Queen and country; though it is true that the brothers rendered each other mutual assistance. Nor is it on record that Francis was a spendthrift, although later in life, when he came into large revenues he used them freely. It would seem most probable that the phrase "Anthony, Comfort and Consorte" represented a reminiscence of something that the scribbler had heard Francis Bacon say. Mr. Burgoyne is more reticent than Mr. Douse in the expression of his personal opinions. He sets forth the facts and lets them speak for themselves, but he clearly shows that the facts as they stand, point to rather a close relation between the names of Francis Bacon and William Shakespeare. He says: "This association of the names Shakespeare and Bacon and their conjunction on the title page of a collection of manuscripts ascribed to each, must be of deep interest to all students of English literature. It should be remembered that no trace of any original manuscript of any play or poem ascribed to Shakespeare has ever been discovered. On the title page, however, of the collection of manuscripts here fac similed, mention is made of Shakespeare's plays of Richard II and Richard III, as having formed part of the original contents. And the fact that the title page is scribbled over in a contemporary handwriting, with the names of Bacon and Shakespeare in close proximity and, seemingly, of set purpose, has caused believers in the Baconian authorship of the Shakespeare plays to cite this page as confirmatory evidence of their theory."

It cannot of course be said, that this cover of the Northumberland manuscript proves the Baconian authorship of the plays, but it is difficult to avoid conviction that there was some reason in the mind of the scribbler for following mentally some sort of association between Bacon and Shakespeare.

Now, as has already been stated, it is agreed by Mr. Burgoyne and

Mr. Douse—and the reasons for their agreement have been summed up (Vol. V, pp. 129-130) with great fulness, that the scribbler was the writer of the manuscript, John Davies of Hereford. As to who this Davies of Hereford was, and as to his opinions in regard to Shakespeare, Mr. R. L. Ashhurst has contributed to NEW SHAKESPEAREANA (ante Vol. II, page 138,) a thoughtful paper. From the lines beginning, "Players. I love yee and your qualitie"—with the margined initials W. S. R. B. (Ibid) we know that Davies was an admirer of Shakespeare, the actor. And, as further proof, we, of course, remember Davies' familiar epigram 159 (page 26, Grossart) beginning, "Some say good Will, which I in sport do sing" once more referring to Shakespeare as an actor only, who, "if he had not played kingly parts in sport, would have been king among the meaner sort." (Which is taken to mean that if he had not been an actor he would have been head and shoulders above those born as meanly as he. Mr. Douse seems to think it important to enquire (and he goes into the subject at some length) —whether John Davies, knew that Shakespeare was an actor. It would appear that the lines quoted settle that, at all events. But if Davies associated Bacon and Shakespeare so strongly that his mind—in an idle hour—instinctively moved his pen to indicate that association, it would seem interesting to enquire as to what exact knowledge Davies had of Shakespeare and of Bacon. As to this I may again ask the attention of readers of NEW SHAKESPEAREANA.

ISAAC HULL PLATT.

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## AND ALSO A DERBY-AUTHORSHIP THEORY!

Mr. James Greenstreet, who died in London in 1891, was a gentleman of antiquarian tastes, and a friend of Dr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps; often assisting that distinguished Shakespearean scholar in his investigations. Mr. Greenstreet had been led to doubt the Shakespearean authorship of the plays, and regarded as a confirmation—or as tending to a confirmation—of his doubts, his discovery in 1885 of the two following entries in the British Public Records Office:

"1599, June 30, London. George Fenner to his partner Baltazar Gybels, Antwerp: Therle of Darby is busyed only in penning comedies for the common players." (State papers, Domestic Elizabeth, vol. 271, No. 34.)

1599, June 30, London. George Fenner to Sire Humfredo Galdelli or

Guiseppe Tusinga, Venice: "Our Earle of Darby is busye in penning commodyes for the commoun players." (Ibid. No. 35.)

These passages were intended to intimate to the parties receiving the letters in which they occur, that no furtherance in respect of any projected rising of the Catholic party was counted upon from the then (the sixth) Earl of Derby. He is, say the letters, wholly absorbed in the composition of pieces for the stage—in fact (says Mr. Greenstreet) the strength of the wording in one letter is such that we might almost imagine his Lordship so bent upon his occupation as to neglect his meals and burn the midnight oil in the endeavor to complete his comedies for some special occasion, or by a special date. These letters are apparently intercepted ones. Now this sixth Earl of Derby was born in London in or about 1561, and died Sept. 29, 1642. In 1572 he went to St. John's College, Oxford, with his elder brother, Lord Strange, and his younger brother, Sir Francis Stanley. Prior to that early date he and Francis had evidently done something to displease the Queen, for she writes, 1571, Dec. 6th.—Queen Elizabeth to Lord Strange (commending him for his close attendance on his sick father). Knowing his earnest goodwill to her service is sorry not to have found the like in his brethren which cannot but be displeasant to his good father. (Historical MSS., commissioners reports, 8 vo. No. 1; margins of Salisbury's papers, p. 572).

In 1582, Mr. William Stanley went to France with his tutor, a Mr. R. Lloyd. He was allowed by his father three years leave of absence, during which he traveled in Algiers, Germany, Spain, Italy, North Germany, Morocco, the Holy Land, Constantinople, the Barbary Coast, Egypt, Russia, Greenland, during which he fought a duel in Spain and worsted his opponent and was obliged to escape across the Pyrenees back into France disguised as a mendicant friar. During his absence, his brother, Lord Strange, had established his famous company of players—one of its members being William Shakespeare. Mr. Greenstreet shows that Sir William Stanley was back again in England from Dec. 1587 to July 1590, and states that he was a soldier and a comrade in arms of Lord Southampton in the spring of 1599. Mr. Greenstreet on consulting the Household Expense Book of the Earle of Derby, found the following entries, (in part:)

LATHOM AND LATHOM HOUSE.

1587. Thursday, July 13. The Earl of Leicester's Players played.
Friday, July 14. They played again.

1587. Dec. 17, Sunday. Mr. William Stanley came home [to Knowsley,] from Chester.

1588-9, Tuesday, January 7. At night the (Earl of Derby's or Lord Strange's) Players played. Lord Strange came home.

1588-9, Sunday, Jan. 12. At night the (Earl of Derby's or Lord Strange's) Players played.

1589, Sunday, July 13. The Queen's Players played two nights (at Lathom.)

1589-90, Saturday, Feb. 28. The (Earl of Derby's or Lord Strange's) Players played at night.

### New Park, Lathom.

1588, Saturday, October 12. The Queen's Players came.

1590, Sunday, June 7. Sir Edward Fitton came and went.

### Knowsley.

1589, Saturday, Sept. 13. The Queen's Players came and played at night.

1589, Saturday, Sept. 13. The Earl of Essex's players came.

1589, Sunday, Sept. 14. The Queen's Players played in the afternoon. The Earl of Essex's Players played at night.

1590, Thursday, July 2. The Queen's Players came.

1590, Friday, July 3. They departed.

1590, Saturday, July 18. Mr. William Stanley, the Earl of Derby's son has three servants.

It is perhaps interesting to note that this Sir Edward Fitton, whose visit on Sunday, June 7th, 1590, to New Park, Lathom, was the father of Mistress Mary Fitton, supposed to have been the Dark Lady of the Sonnets.

Henry Stanley, fourth Earl of Derby, born Sept. 1531, died Sept. 25th, 1593, had (inter alia) two sons.

Ferdinando Stanley, fifth Earl of Derby, born 1559 (?), died April 16th, 1594, summoned to Parliament, January 1588-9 as Lord Strange. From 1589 to his death in 1594 he was the patron of a company of actors known as Lord Strange's Players. On the death of his father in 1593 he acquired his title of fifth Earl of Derby, and his players were known as "the Earl of Derby's Players." (The first Quarto of "Titus Andronicus" being the only Shakespearean play having the name of that nobleman on its title-page).

After the death of this Ferdinando, in 1594, the company passed into service of Henry Hunsdon, Lord Chamberlain, and was then known as "The Lord Chamberlain's Players." On Henry Hunsdon's death, July, 1596, this company passed into service of his son, George Carey, Lord Hunsdon, and was known as "Lord Hunsdon's Servants." On April 17th, 1597, George Carey became Lord Chamberlain and this company again was called "The Lord Chamberlain's Servants" and so remained until May, 1603, when it became "The King's Men." It was for this company, having these different names, that Shakespeare wrote exclusively.

The other son of Henry Stanley and the brother of the above Ferdinando, was William Stanley, sixth Earl of Derby, the subject of Greenstreet's papers.

William Stanley's wife was a first cousin once removed to Francis Bacon, thus:

Sir Anthony Cooke.

Mildred m. Lord Burghley. — Anne m. Nicholas Bacon.

Anne m. Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford. — Francis Bacon.

Elizabeth m. William, sixth Earl of Derby.

About 1600 this William Stanley had a company of actors of his own, but, apparently for not a long period.

Mr. Greenstreet never went into the search for internal evidence in the plays for corroborative of a Derby theory of the authorship of Shakespeare except as to the play of "Love's Labors Lost." Since at its date the sixth Earl of Derby was in 1599 writing comedies for the stage.) In 1584, two years after Sir William Stanley's departure from England in company with his preceptor, "Mr. R. Lloyd," one Richard Lloyd published his "Briefe Discourse of the Most Renowned Acts of those Puissant Princes Called The Nine Worthies."

Now the pageant of the nine worthies as prepared by Holofernes for

the entertainment of the Princess concludes with certain songs which are found in a Pageant of the Nine Worthies peculiar to the City of Chester, near which city was one of the seats of the Earls of Derby. We have positive contemporary evidence that Sir William Stanley was residing at home from December, 1587, to July, 1590, when, in addition to the players of his father or of his elder brother, Lord Strange, at least two other companies, at no great intervals, performed there. And during the same period (that is, more than ten years prior to the Fenner letters of 1599.) he is mentioned in the Derby Household Books as continually visiting London. Sir Edward Fytton, father of the Dark Lady of the Sonnets, was a guest at the seat of the fourth Earl of Derby when of course Mistress Mary Fytton was a young girl.

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## WHO WAS LAMOND?—FURTHER STUDY OF HAMLET ALLUSIONS.

At line 82, Scene VII of Act IV of Hamlet, we have the following.

KING .....Two months since.
Here was a gentleman of Normandy:—
I've seen myself, and served against, the French,
And they can well on horseback: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As had he been incorpsed and demi-natured
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.
LAERTES. A Norman was't?
KING. A Norman.
LAER. Upon my life, Lamond.
KING. The very same.
LAER. I know him well: he is the brooch indeed
And gem of all the nation.

No suggestion, worthy of consideration, regarding the identity of the person referred to as "Lamond" in the foregoing lines, has ever been made.

I enter upon the inquiry under the assumption that the allusion is a topical one; that the country referred to as "here" was England, and not Denmark; and that the period in question was that of Queen Elizabeth, and not of the middle-ages.

In the lines quoted there are five points to be considered:

(1) Lamond was a gentleman of Normandy. (2) He had been "here", (i. e. in England.) (3) He excelled in horsemanship. (4) He was the brooch and gem of all the nation. (5) The date of his visit to England was two months prior to the writing of the fourth act of Hamlet, (according to the Second Quarto "two months since"; according to the First Folio " some two months.") I submit for consideration the following proposition: Lamond was Charles de Gontault, Duc de Biron, Marshal of France; born about 1562, executed in the Bastille by order of Henry IV, July 31, 1602. The following is the evidence.

(1) Upon examining the first of the above five points, ("Here was a gentleman of Normandy") we are met at once by the question whether Normandy is to be accepted as the true birth place of Lamond, or whether the word Normandy is used merely as a mask, in manner similar to the use of the word Lamond itself. But, be this as it may, we can obtain no decisive information, pro or con, from this first point, for the reason that it does not appear to be known where Biron was born. (2) He had been "here" (i. e. in England). It is well known that Henry IV. sent Biron on an embassy to Elizabeth in 1601. (3) He excelled in horsemanship. Not long after Biron's death George Chapman wrote two dramas, "The Conspiracy of Biron" and "The Tragedy of Biron," from which much contemporary evidence is obtainable. Chapman, therein, refers to Biron's skill as a horseman and mentions him in connection with "the brave beast" not less than six times. As an example:—

> "Your Majesty hath miss'd a royal sight:
> The Duke Byron, on his brave beast Pastrana,
> Who sits him like a full sail'd argosy,
> Danced with a lofty billow, and as snug,
> Plies to his bearer, both their motions mix'd;
> And being consider'd in their site together,
> They do the best present the state of man
> In his first royalty ruling," etc.
>
> "Conspiracy II. i.

(4) Lamond was the brooch and gem of all the nation. It is hardly necessary to cite evidence establishing this fourth point, other than to point out that Chapman, in the two dramas mentioned, frequently refers to the exalted position held by the duke. Thus, in the prologue to the "Conspiracy of Biron": "So admired Byron All France exempted from comparison." Again, at the beginning of the "Tragedy of Biron": "What offices, Titles of honour, and what admiration, Could France afford him that it pour'd not on?" He was well known to the English. For a period of nearly ten years many of the officers and men sent by Elizabeth to Navarre served under Biron. And the complimentary terms in which Laertes refers to him undoubtedly reflect the admiration in which he was held in court circles. The fact that he is the principal character in three Elizabethan dramas, (the two plays of Chapman, and Love's Labour's Lost,) is likewise evidence in the same direction.

(5) The last point to be considered in this analysis of the Hamlet passage is that Biron was in England "two months since," or "some two months since." This is important as establishing the date of composition of the Second Quarto of Hamlet. Biron, accompanied by a large retinue, arrived in London "about the fifth of September, 1601." (Stow: Abridgement of the English Chronicle continued by Howes to 1618, p. 430.) He returned to France "at the beginning of the month of October, 1601." (Pierre Matthieu, Histoire de France, Geneva, 1620, II. p. 113.) But, as Matthieu used the new style of calendar in his reckoning, ten days must be substracted. Biron, therefore, was in England from about the fifth to about the twentieth of September 1601, Old Style. Therefore, when the King (in Hamlet) states; "Two months since here was a gentleman of Normandy" we may accept the latter part of November, or the beginning of December, 1601, as the date of composition of the Second Quarto. This date is corroborated by the allusion to the travelling of the players in Hamlet II. 2, 343. The Globe Company of players is known to have travelled extensively in the autumn of 1601. It is corroborated, also, by the dates deduced from lines referring to the meteoric shower and to the eclipse of the moon (as shown in the January impression of "New Shakespeareana,") viz. Oct. 27, 1601, and Nov. 29, 1601, respectively. Moreover, the absence in Hamlet of any reference to Biron's tragic end would seem to be proof positive that the Second Quarto had been completed prior to the date of his death: July 31, 1602. Two other points of evidence, (which, while they do not establish the year in which Hamlet was written, yet clearly show the time of the year,) are in agreement with the foregoing. These are, first,

the allusion (I. l. 158) to "that season—Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated" (of course the month of December); and secondly the lines regarding the "star that's westward from the pole." (I. i. 37). This latter astronomical allusion I have not here the space to discuss, but would merely state that the passage is capable of exact interpretation, and establishes beyond question the months of November-December as the time of year indicated.

There may be some readers who find it difficult to believe that a poet who aspired to the seventh heaven of invention would condescend to embody in his dramas matters of such local and ephemeral interest; but, with all due respect, it may be stated that such views can originate only from an imperfect study of the works in question. A century ago Malone called attention to Shakespeare's "frequent allusions to the manners and usages of England, and to the events of his own time, which he has described as taking place wherever his scene happens to lie." In 1875 Dr. A. W. Ward noted the topical treatment of these dramatic themes, "of which historical and literary research are only beginning to gauge the force." Dr. Appleton Morgan, in his Introduction to the Bankside Comedy of Errors, points out the Elizabethan allusions therein, which are so numerous and so pronounced that he can characterize them only as harrowing anachronisms. No one for a moment imagines that the earthquake alluded to in Romeo and Juliet was an earthquake in Verona in the 14th century. No one doubts that, in the Prologue to the fifth act of Henry V, the "general of our gracious empress" was Essex, in Ireland. There cannot be the slightest uncertainty regarding the map referred to in Twelfth Night as "the new map with the augmentation of the Indies;" or to the travelling of the players in Hamlet; or to the identity of Biron in Love's Labour's Lost. Many similar instances might be given. What reason, therefore, can there be for doubting, on this score, the identity of Biron as "Lamond—in Hamlet?"

HENRY PEMBERTON, JR.

# DEPARTMENT OF TEXTUAL CRITICISM

Conducted by EDWARD MERTON DEY, ESQ.

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"ROMEO AND JULIET," V. iii. 210-12.—

> Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
> Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath.
> What further woe conspires against mine age?

Dyce remarks: "The corresponding speech in the first quarto is,

> Dread Souereigne, my Wife is dead to-night,
> And young Benuolio is deceased too:
> What further mischief can there yet be found?

and I am inclined to think that the second of these lines, 'And young Benuolio is deceased too,' ought to be inserted in a modern text, after 'Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath'; for, as Ritson observes, 'the line, which gives an account of Benovlio's death, was probably thrown in to account for his absence from this interesting scene."

Benvolio's absence can be sufficiently accounted for by the fact that his presence is not needed. "The unnecessary slaughter" occasioned by the inclusion of this line tempts one to recall the omnibus story, where the cumulative mortality in the parent's recital finally wearied the at first sympathetic auditors. At the mention of Benvolio's decease we might expect the Prince to inquire, "Any more?" A good reason for the omission of the first quarto line is that, in the revised version, the cause of Lady Montague's death is given—grief over her son's banishment, an explanation which greatly augments the force of Montague's statement. A mother might be stricken down in two or three days by such an event, but it would be something

of a strain on one's credulity to include Romeo's cousin as a grief victim, which would be the natural inference were his death to be mentioned in the same connection as a relevant fact. The poet evidently discarded the line because it was both unnecessary and inappropriate.

E. M. D.

"Romeo and Juliet," IV. iii. 28-29.—

It occurs to Juliet that the sleeping potion may in reality be poison, administered by the friar to put her out of the way, but she repels the thought by reasoning,—

> and yet, methinks, it should not,
> For he hath still been tried a holy man.
> (Second Q., Folios).

In the first quarto we find the following:

> Ah, I wrong him much,
> He is a holy and religious man:
> I will not entertain so bad a thought.

Steevens, followed by many editors, constructed a text by adding to the revised version of the second quarto and folios the last line of the first quarto, reading:

> and yet, methinks, it should not,
> For he hath still been tried a holy man:
> I will not entertain so bad a thought.

In the first quarto the consideration leading to a rejection of the thought of poison is one of morality—it is wrong to suspect the friar; in the subsequent quarto and the folios, however, the consideration is one of pure reason—the suspicion is rejected because it is not consistent with the proven character of the friar. In the text composed of the reasoning later version and the closing line of the moralizing first quarto version we have a confusion of thought which must be apparent at a glance. Juliet's mind is keyed up to such a pitch of desperation that the ethical point of view—the sentiment of right and wrong—is entirely out of place. The evidences of careful revision

in this instance are so unmistakable that there would appear to be no justification for making up a text.

E. M. D.

"Romeo and Juliet," V. iii. 170.—

This is thy sheath (stabs herself); there rust, and let me die.
(Globe.)

The first quarto reading is,—

Rest in my bosom, thus I come to thee.
(She stabs herselfe and falles).

The other quartos and the folios read "rust" (practically as in "Globe").

Even without the strong support which "rest" of the first quarto lends to the conjecture that "rust" is a misprint, I think there is good cause for so regarding it. It is unnecessary to touch upon the greater portion of the accumulated critical comment, since nearly all of it has no real bearing on the question. Dyce properly says, ". . . at such a moment the thoughts of Juliet were not likely to wander away to the *future rusting* of the dagger . . ." The real reason for the use of "rest" is that the dagger is later on to be found in Juliet's bosom (LL. 203-5). The first quarto requires this reading, and the necessity exists in full force in the later editions. "There rest," the equivalent of "Rest in my bosom," prepares us for the later developments, the exclamation of Capulet, "mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!" For the fleeting moment that Juliet has at her command she will keep in her heart the means of death furnished by her dead lover. She knew that discovery was near at hand, and feared that delay would frustrate her purpose.—"yea, noise, then I'll be brief." (L. 169). It would be impossible that she should think the dagger would be permitted to rust in her bosom, however truly she might say, "Here rest," as indicating that she did not care to withdraw it after the thrust. For the dagger to rust would require some time, but "rest" could be true of even a moment, that moment being subject to her control.

E. M. D.

# MARGINALIA

MR. HENRY PEMBERTON, JR., WRITES US.—"AS TO METEORS AND Eclipses, Erratum. Some new Testimony. In my article upon Meteors and Eclipses in the January impression of NEW SHAKESPEAREANA (ante page 4) the words: "At which the sun then actually rose," should be stricken out; for, by an error of mine, the sense thus conveyed is the opposite to that intended. It may be added that, since writing the article in question, I have obtained evidence showing that it was a matter of general comment in England, during the latter part of the year, 1601, that it had been a season of strange and unusual events. In the "State Papers, Domestic Series, of the Reign of Elizabeth," 1601-1603, under date of December 29, 1601. Dudley Carleton, writing from London to John Chamberlain at Knebworth, states: "The eclipse you left us with was seconded with thunder, lightning, earthquakes and continued tempest." Again, in Chamberlain's Letters, (Camden Society) dated Knebworth, January 10th, 1601-2: "We passed the Christmas with the ordinarie courses, only one thing was very straunge, and extraordinarie in this countrie, that was a nest of young ravens which may be added to the wonders of this season." These allusions to contemporaneous events in the latter part of 1601, are in accord with the statement made by Horatio, in Hamlet I. i. 121: "And even the like precurse of fierce events . . . Have heaven and earth together demonstrated unto our climatures and countrymen." We thus have additional testimony, from letters that have come down to us, showing that the Second Quarto of Hamlet was written in 1601, and not in 1603-4, as some believe.

LORD BACON ON SPELLING REFORM.—IN CHAPTER I. OF THE SIXTH book of the "De Augmentis Scientiarium" Spedding; Vol. IX, page 115, Riverside Press Edition, 1872, Bacon says: "And with regard to the common orthography itself, a controversy and question has been raised among us, namely, whether words ought to be written as they are pronounced, or in the usual way. But this apparently reformed style of writing (viz., in which the spelling should agree with the pronunciation) belongs to the class of unprofitable subtleties. For the pronunciation itself is continually changing; it does not remain fixed; and the derivations of words,

especially from foreign tongues, are thereby completely obscured. And as the spelling of words according to the fashion is no check at all upon the fashion of pronunciation, but leaves it free, to what purpose is this innovation?" This seems to have been written not in August, 1906, but prior to the year, 1623, and the appearance of the First Folios of Shakespeare and quite unprophetically of the New York Simplified Spelling Board of 1906!

Mrs. C. C. Stopes writes.—"In your issue for October, 1905, you quote Professor Sonnenschein as unearthing certain parallelisms between Hamlet and the "De Clementia" of Seneca. The learned Professor forgets that a fellow-countryman of Shakespeare's, Sir John Conway, of Arrow, Warwickshire, a connection of the Ardens, had treated of this subject in English. When imprisoned in the Tower, he wrote addresses to the Queen under the title of "Meditations and Prayers," he says of Mercy "What more worthily beautifieth the majestie of kingly rule, advanceth wisdom to her highest steppe of glory, or can so sweetely make the chiefe harmonie of all good government as against the woefull afflicted to deliver clemencie, to each offender mercie, to the vertuous reward, and in cases doubtful to suspend judgment. Truely these are they which not only satisfie the Heavens and Earth with a right respect of Divine Justice, but are chief movers that the longe abandoned virgin Astraea hath resigned her sacred seat to become your handmaid." In spite of the inflated language, the ideas are those of Seneca, and there is much more to be found in the book itself, published before 1584. (See my "Shakespeare's Warwickshire Contemporaries.")

The familiar parallism between marlowe and shakespeare:

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships.
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium.

And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt.
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl
Whose price hath launched above a thousand ships,
And turned crowned kings to merchants.
*Troilus and Cressida* II. ii 81.

is only a parallelism after all in the statements as to the number of ships in round numbers. Homer says there were 1186. Professor Albert S. Cook of Yale College, in "Modern Language notes for February, 1907," shows that this is not necessarily a parallelism at all. For numerous predecessors of both Marlowe and Shakepeare so place the number. Here are a few of those quoted by Prof. Cook.

*Her.* This skull is Helen.

*Me.* And for this a thousand ships carried warriors from every part of Greece; Greeks and barbarians were slain, and cities made desolate.

*Her.* Ah, Menippus, you never saw the living Helen, or you would have said with Homer,

> Well might they suffer grievous years of toil
> Who strove for such a prize.
>
> *Lucian*—Dialogues of the Dead.

> It is wel wist how that the Grekes stronge
> In armes with a thousand shippes wente
> To Troyewardes, and the citee longe
> Assegeden neigh ten yeer er they stente,
> And, in diverse wyse and oon entente,
> The ravisshing to wreken of Eleyne,
> By Paris doon, they wroughten al hir peyne.
>
> Chaucer, Troilus and Cressida I. 57.

Or it might have come from the Ovidian imitations by the fifteenth-century Angelus Quirinus Sabinus (*Ep.* 3. 74-77), an argument being the word *facies*. Paris is speaking to Œnone:

> Et magnos, video, cogit mihi rapta tumultus,
> Armatæque petunt Pergama mille rates.
> Non vereor belli ne non sit causa probanda:
> Est illi facies digna movere duces—
> Si mihi nulla fides, armatos respice Atridas.

A possible source would be Ovid, *Met.* 12. 5-7:

> Postmodo qui rapta cum conjuge bellum
> Attulit in patriam; conjurataque sequuntur
> Mille rates gentisque simul commune Pelasgæ,

or even Orosius 1. 17.1: "Raptus Helenæ, conjuratio Græcorum, et concursus mille navium."

If we turn to the Greek, we might think of the (Pseudo-?) Euripidean *Rhesus* (260-261):

Lay it in Helen's hands—the head of her kinsman who worked us woe,
Who sailed to the strand of Troy's fair land with a thousand keels;

but better still is Euripides, *Androm.* 103-6:

No bride was the Helen with whom unto steep-built Ilium hasted
Paris;—nay, bringing a Curse to his bowers of espousal he passed,
For whose sake Troy, by the thousand galleys of Hellas wasted,
With fire and with sword destroyed by her fierce battle-spirit thou wast.

As for the "thousand ships" of the Grecian fleet, mentioned without allusion to Helen, they are found as early as Æschylus (Agam. 45). He is followed by Euripides, Iph. Taur. 9-10, 140; Iph. Aul. 172-4; Orest. 352-3. In Latin literature there are Varro, R. R. 2. 1; Virgil, Æn. 2. 197-8; 9. 148-9 (allusion); Propertius 2. 26. 38; Ovid, Met. 12. 37; 13. 93, 182; Her. 13. 97; Seneca, Tro. 27. 274, 708-9, 1008; Agam. 430; Sabinus (also above), Ep. 1. 106. And this list is not complete.

As for the "topless" towers, which Marlowe mentions, but Shakespeare omits—we have Virgil (Aeneid II. 624 ed. v.v. 460 ff.)

> Tum vero omne mihi visum considere in ignis
> Ilium, et ex imo verti Neptunia Troia,

with the fine simile which follows. See, however, Spenser, *F. Q.* 3. 9. 34. 3-4:

> And stately towres of Ilion whilome
> Brought unto baleful ruine. . . .

and 35. 1-5:

> Fayre Helene, flowre of beautie excellent,
> And girlond of the mighty conquerours,
> That madest many ladies deare lament
> The heavie losse of their brave paramours,
> Which they far off beheld from Trojan toures.

Professor Cook's article reminds us of Lord Tennyson's letter to a Canadian correspondent who had been peeping and botanizing in "The Princess." "I do not object to your finding parallelisms. They must always recur. A Chinese scholar some time ago wrote me that in an unknown, untranslated Chinese poem there were two whole lines of mine almost word for word. Why not? Are not human eyes all over the world looking at the same objects, and must there not, consequently, be coincidences of thought and impressions and expressions? It is scarcely possible for any one to say or write anything, in this late time of the world, to which, in the rest of the literature of the world, a parallel could not somewhere be found. But when you say that this passage or that was suggested by Wordsworth or Shelley or another I demur; and more, I wholly disagree. There is, I fear, a prosaic set growing up among us, editors of booklets, book-worms, index-hunters, or men of great memories and no imagination, who impute themselves to the poet, and so believe that he, too, has no imagination, but is forever poking his nose between the pages of some old volume to see what he can appropriate. They will not allow one to say "ring the bells" without finding that we have taken it from Sir Philip Sidney, or even to use such a simple expression as that the ocean "roars," without finding the precise verse in Homer or Horace from which we have plagiarized it . . . Here is a little anecdote about suggestion: When I was about twenty or twenty-one I went on a tour to the Pyrenees. Lying among these mountains, before a waterfall that comes down one thousand or twelve hundred feet, I sketched it (according to my custom then) in these words: 'Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn.' When I printed this, a critic informed me that 'lawn' was the material used in theatres to imitate a waterfall, and graciously added: 'Mr. T. should not go to the boards of a theatre, but to Nature herself, for his suggestions.' And I *had* gone to Nature herself."

But in his Preface to Shakespeare one hundred and twenty years earlier. Dr. Johnson had said the same thing "I have found it remarked that in this important sentence, "Go before I'll follow," we read a translation of "I prae, sequar, I have been told that when Caliban after a pleasing dream says "I cried to dream again" the author imitates Anacreon, who had like every other man the same wish on the same occasion." The incomparable, the mighty Shakespeare," cry these criticasters, in one breath, and, in the next, will not permit him an idea of his own!"

It seems like breaking a butterfly on a wheel to recur to Professor Churchill's crass, callow and silly performance before the German Shakespeare Society. But among the glorious achievements he dwelt upon

to that society as proving the distinction of "America" (or was it the insignificance of America?) in Shakespearean fields—he mentioned a work of which ourselves had never heard. Such a lapse on the part of editors of a Shakespeare Review was outrageous—and so we set to work to correct our fault. Incidentally to our investigations we received the following letter. "The MacMillan Company, 66 Fifth Avenue, New York, January 22, 1907. NEW SHAKESPEAREANA, Westfield, New Jersey. Dear Sirs—In reply to yours of the twenty-first we beg to say that Professor Baker's book 'The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist' has not been published yet. It is announced for publication this Spring. Yours very truly, For the MacMlilan Company, K. E. L." But we wrote again, and got the following: "New York, March 20th, 1907. Editors NEW SHAKESPEAREANA. Dear Sirs: We have your letter of the 18th March, and beg to say in reply that at the present time we are unable to give you any definite information as to the date of publication of Professor Baker's 'The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatists.' Yours very truly, for The MacMillan Company, K. E. L." Whence it appears that Prof. Churchill, addressing the German Shakespeare Society April 23rd, 1906, while omitting to mention some fifty or sixty volumes of notable and serious American work (with the titles of which the Bibliographies of that very Society could have furnished him); describes (Jahrbuch xli) a work not yet in existence! After this we do not wonder that we are even yet in receipt of awful letters from Prof. Churchill's loyal friends. We might wish perhaps that these letters did not so uniformly disincline to the repose that stamps the caste of Vere de Vere, or that they would not say such bitter—bitter, bitter things concerning the Editorial conduct of NEW SHAKESPEAREANA. But how could Prof. Churchill's friends be otherwise than loyal to him (Churchill) when merely to be reckoned upon his list of friends is to be an eminent Shakespearean student—and a glory to America? These letters (which would perhaps be classified by Mr. Venus as "Warious") all assert that Prof. Churchill's performance was "only an after-dinner speech." An after-dinner speech! Well—Well! It fills thirty-seven pages of the Jahrbuch, four hundred and twenty-nine words to a page! Who shall gainsay the fortitude of German post-prandial audiences after that! How merciful to them that Prof. Churchill did not augment these one hundred and sixty thousand words, more or less, by allusion to one or two of the real achievements of Americans—in the field of Shakespeareana! E. g. Richard Grant White's exposure of the "Old Corrector" by anticipating from etymological and terminological evidence alone, the verdict of the microscope and the acids! Professor Wal-

lace's patient unearthing of dusty documents containing vestiges of the great dramatist in the British Public Record's office that had lain for three hundred years unsuspected under the very noses of the English Shakespeareans —Professor Thompson's fine record of the conflict between the Puritans and the Theatres—or Dr. Lounsbury's magnificent History of the Shakespeare Text. How less worthy of mention these than that "a Mr. Ticknor lectured on Shakespeare in Boston in 1835," or of that proud moment in Prof. Churchill's life when an obscure British actor "on the eve of his second visit to America" actually condescended to address to him—Churchill—the mighty remark. "The American people wants [sic] Shakespeare!" or the Professor's absorbing re-hash of remainder-biscuit Dramatic criticism from forgotten newspapers. Or his noble peroration. "This then is the state of Shakespeare in America! He is not banished from our stage, but our actors have bowed before usurpers with gold in their hands!" etc., etc. Perhaps it may be a cloister habitude to invariably palpitate with the wrong emotion but even a Prof. Churchill might have reflected that a certain Mr. William Shakespeare himself collected an admission fee at the doors of his theatres, and blushed no whit to become the richest Play-house proprietor of his period. If Professor Churchill's young friends had devoted their communications to us to demonstration of a single evidence that Professor Churchill possessed the first atom of competency for the task he undertook, or the first idea of the importance of its field—or any real information of any sort as to the Record of American Shakespearean scholarship, we should have managed to find room for printing them. And if anon instead of lacerating our editorial bosom with these cruel stabs, they would take the trouble to furnish Prof. Churchill with a list of the seventy-seven or eight American works upon Shakespearean matters that he has not read or even heard of, which have actually achieved the dignity of print and binding instead of being merely contemplated by friends of his, Professor Churchill's next post-prandial struggle with the facts will be relatively invaluable to his Spartan audiences.

Only two years ago it was the fashion to discover signatures of Shakespeare—and several more or less conjectural specimens have been auctioned in London at prices that would have been extravagant for town sites! The year 1907, opens with a return to the unearthing of Shakespeare portraits. The first of the year is remarkably promising. It was not in the usual rubbish-shop, however, but in the remote English village of Winston, near Darlington, in an Inn called "The Bridgewater Arms," kept by some maiden laides named Ludgate. In this Inn a guest, (a gentleman, who

bears, by the way, the suggestive name Spielman) noticed an ancient portrait hanging on a chamber wall. Learning that said portrait had always been in the possession of the Ludgate family which was of Warwickshire extraction—Mr. Spielman pronounces the portrait to be the earliest portrait of Shakespeare in existence, showing him at the age of twenty-four. It is painted on an oak panel with lettering, in gilt or brass raised, "Æ SV Æ 24—1588" Over the top of the head of the portrait, on the back of the panel are the initials "W. X. S." The person shown in the portrait is a young man with thick curling dark hair, rather heavy at the sides, and a slender moustache which stands out straight over the mouth. He wears a slashed doublet, apparently of crimson velvet and the same broad lace collar as in the Chandos and the other conventional portraits—as well as indicated in the Stratford bust. Of course they who believe will believe. Unfortunately these "portraits" cannot be proved to be genuine portraits—not of Shakespeare; but of anybody—without destroying them. Memories of the hundred guinea portrait of Shakespeare which a genius, named Holder, made out of the semblance of a Dutch admiral because he (Holder) needed the money—or the other one fixed up from an old lady in cap and blue ribbands—still survive. In order to cover all the information at hand we quote Mr. Spielman as adding that "The picture is said to have been in the family for five or six generations at an old farm-house belonging to the Dukes of Grafton. This is important, because certain touches seem, according to the photograph, to have been added, and I know of three modern forged portraits, very ancient in appearance, which are tricked out with lettering such as is described above. There can be no doubt that this head is well and incisively drawn, in the somewhat dry manner of the period to which it claims to belong." We shall be eager to chronicle further developments.

ALLEGED PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE AT 24.

# Books Received

224. Shakespeare's Pronunciation. A Shakespeare Phonology. With a Rime-Index to the Poems as a Pronouncing Vocabulary. By Wilhelm Vietor, M. A., Ph.D., Professor of English Philology in the University of Marburg, etc. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 290. New York: Lemcke and Buechner.

224½. A Shakespeare Reader. In the old spelling and with a Phonetic Transcription. By Wilhelm Vietor, M. A., Ph.D., etc. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 178. London. David Nutt.

265. The Struggle for a Free Stage in London. By Watson Nicholson, M. A., Ph.D., Instructor in English in Yale University. 12mo., cloth, pp. 475. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

266. Aus Shakespeare's Meisterwerkstatt. Shigeschichliche studien von George Sarrazin. 8vo., paper, pp. 226. Berlin. Druck and Verlag von George Reimer (5 marks).

243. The Treasury of Sacred Song. Selected from the English Lyrical Poetry of Four Centuries. With notes, explanatory and Bibliographical. By Francis T. Palgrave, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. 12mo., cloth, pp. 374. Oxford, at The Clarendon Press. Henry Frowde, London and New York.

247. The Text of Shakespeare. Its History from the Publication of the Quarto and Folios down and including the Publication of the Editions of Pope and Theobald. By Thomas R. Lounsbury, L. H. D., LL.D., Professor of English in Yale University. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 579. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

248. The Name of William Shakespeare. A study in Orthography. By John Louis Haney, Ph.D., Professor of English Philology in the Central High School of Philadelphia. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 68. Philadelphia: The Egerston Press. $1.00.

249. Babel and Bible. Three Lectures on the Significance of Assyriological Research for Religion. Embodying the most Important Criticisms, and the Author's Replies. By Dr. Friedrich Delitzch. 8vo., boards, pp. 247. Portrait and many illustrations. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.

250. The Complete Dramatic and Poetic Works of William Shakespeare. Edited from the text of the Early Quartos and the First Folio. By William Allan Neilson. IV, cloth crown, 8vo., pp. 1250. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press. Price $3.00.

258. Tolstoy on Shakespeare. A Critical Essay by Leo Tolstoy. Followed by "Shakespeare's Attitude to the Working Classes." By Ernest Crosby, and a Letter from G. Bernard Shaw. Cloth, 16mo., pp. 170. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

259. Sir Henry Irving. A Biography. By Percy Fitzgerald. Cloth, 8vo., pp. 318. Portraits and many illustrations. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.

260. Shakespeare's Enigma and Cipher. By Neal Henry Ewing, M. A. Paper, 8vo., pp. 16. New York: The Catholic World Publishing Company.

261. The Critics versus Shakespeare. A Brief for Defendant. By Francis A. Smith of Counsel. 12mo., cloth, pp. 128. New York: The Knickerbocker Press.

262. The Heart of Hamlet's Mystery. Translated from the German of Karl Werder. By Elizabeth Wilder, with an introduction by W. J. Rolfe. 12mo., cloth, pp. 223. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. The Knickerbocker Press.

263. The Bankside-Restoration Series. Edited by Appleton Morgan and Willis Vickery. Plays of Mr. William Shakespeare as Re-written or Re-arranged by his Successor of the Restoration Period and Presented at the Duke's Theatre and Elsewhere. Circa, 1678, Vol. 1. The History of Tymon of Athens—The Shakespeare Text of 1623 paralleled in fac-simile with the Shadwell Text of 1678. With Introduction by Willis Vickery, A. M. 8vo., de grand luxe Roxburghe, pp. 318. New York: The Shakespeare Society of New York; Westfield, New Jersey: The Shakespeare Press.

267. The Sherburn Ballads, 1585-1616. Edited from the MS., by Andrew Clark, Honorary Fellow of Lincoln College. With forty illustrations from Black-letter copies. Cloth, 8vo., pp. 380. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. New York: Henry Frowde.

224—224½. It is a notable fact, however explained, that a most important question—namely the question of how English words were pronounced in Shakespeare's day—how his plays were pronounced upon the stage—how he himself pronounced—has never been largely treated of.

There are of course the more or less valuable contemporary authorities on English pronunciation, Palsgrave (1530), Salesbury (1547 and 1567), Smith (1568), Hart (1569), Bullokar (1580), and Gill (1621). Of these Bullokar represents a more archaic form of language, whereas Hart favours "the thinness of utterance affected by the ladies." (Smith sometimes gives the utterance of fine ladies, who are termed by him *"mulierculae quaedam delicatiores."* Effeminate forms are cited by Gill as *"Mopsarum fictitiae."*) And that forgotten commentator, Edward Capell, printed a small work, "Two Tables elucidating the sound of letters in Shakespeare's Time," in 1749. Richard Grant White's "Examination of the Elizabethan Pronunciation with Especial Reference to Shakespeare," added to the final volume of his first Edition of the Plays (Boston, 1865) was the first studious and important attempt to inquire as to how Shakespeare was pronounced. Four years later came Mr. A. J. Ellis's extended work which for mere bulk was memorable. But this was an examination of All English Orthoepies, from the earliest times recorded. Appleton Morgan, in 1900 revised his Warwickshire Dialect in its fourth edition so as to examine into the pronunciation of Shakespeare himself, arguing, and it seems to us, properly, that it would be entirely safe, since the plays were written by a Warwickshireman, to follow as guides the plentiful Puns of the plays as construed by the Warwickshire pronunciation of vowels [which—strange—or perhaps it is not strange to say, is arbitrary]. And his demonstration was wonderfully responsive to elucidation of the idem sonans of those Puns, since on casual reading it is not always absolutely certain which vowelled word—or even which word of the two, the idem sonans is intended to follow. Dr. Morgan's work was written to prove a Warwickshirean origin for the Plays, and he claimed that he had demonstrated that the Puns followed this arbitrary Warwickshirean pronunciation of the vowels. In order to illustrate these he presented a specimen—thus, an old man meets a boy with a fish-pole over his shoulder—proceeding toward the Avon. This conversation ensues:

Old Man—E waund thu bist gwain fishun?

Lad—Yus, gaffer, E be gwan pint um bit. Un usend go aince a whiles, doantun?

Old Man—Oy breckling, E 'ad girt spert times. E mind gwain Bricklund Bank aince und recons Tasker Payne went an all. Doost mind oawd Tasker? Uns yused ca 'im Bo Naish cos weared white 'at. Wul, uns baited ole come marning, un forecasted t'ave old spart, but daas't, we'd

naught but one two nibbles fust. Ainse summat tuk float like auld hundud'd a bin on yend line. So E picks up stale and pugged, un fish e' pugged like es ed pug river. Well, E let fish ave girt run sowst tire 'im up bit thu knaost. Then E yuzzies 'im up bit. But lar, E reckoned E as summat on line bigger'n yever ketched foretime. So E sez Tasker, us shall pother getting this ir out, look thu!" Well, doost reckon me'n Tasker und land 'em" Na, no moore ner as ad been Oad Ingleund ooked on line. Bit furder, thaough wuz zum Pawsha chaps, Mark Russell, oawd Rednod Chucketts, un er two buttys. Thee mindst Red-nob, doesn't? Ah, thu thoodst sin un, reklin, when Lard Coventry come age, when Brud strit long o' wuz chock tables un faoks sittin' down dinner at un an caddle enow t' peeze divil 'imself! Plum puddins in waggin loads bless tha, trews E stons there. Poor aowd Red-nob, E con zee um naow, walkin' daown chiver arm un arm long yung Gunneral, as masterful come ees is even Christian Lard Coventry. carredge keepin' tune long o' musicianers uth' and bell.

Lad—But wha bout fish, gafler?"

* * * And so on!

This is perhaps inconoclastic. But not unpardonably so when Dr. Morgan reminds us that members of Parliament had difficulty in understanding each other; that soldiers in Elizabeth's armies could not comprehend the word of command unless given by officers from their own shire town. And Mr. Grant White apologizes for declaring that he is forced to believe that Hamlet—on the stage—exclaimed

> "A baste that wants discoorse holf rayson
> Would 'aive moorn'd longer!
> O, me prophetic sowl, me hooncle!
> A broken vice and 'is 'ole foonction shooting
> Wit forms to 'is consayt; hand hall for noting."

Professor Vietor's work is certainly not iconoclastic. His system is so elaborate that we hesitate to transfer its signs and schedules to these pages. He will not say that Shakespeare misplaced his H's not only at the beginnings and ends of words, but elsewhere; not only pronouncing "heart" *art* and "eggs" *heggs,* but "water" *wather,* and "with" *wit,* and slurred his last syllables, saying *furnitoor* for "furniture," *futer* for "future," *vultur* for "vulture,"*nater* for "nature," and so on. But he makes several interesting statements—such as that "been" was pronounced not to rhyme

with *bean*—but with *sin*, that "pretty" was pronounced *pritty*, "achieve" to rhym with *live*, "theft" to rhyme with *shift*,—"even" to rhyme with *heaven*, "are" to rhyme with *snare*, "fever" (the malady) to rhyme with *ever*, "prove" to rhyme with *above*, etc., as to consonants Professor Vietor believes that they were rarely silent: that "know" was pronounced *k-now*, and that in "could," "would," "should"—the *l* was strongly uttered— that *gh* had the sound of the German *dich*, except in *ache*—which, as we know from Rosalind's pun—(Much Ado iii iv, 56) was simply pronounced H. Professor Vietor's two works are reserved for the further examination which they deserve; for some of his statements are so new that they should, in our opinion, be carefully verified. For example such propositions as that "laughter" was pronounced as we pronounce it to-day, while "daughter" was pronounced *Dochter*—and that the t was arbitrarily omitted (as "brissle" for bristle) seem to us conjectural only, in view of what Prof. Vietor has already postulated as to consonant sounds. How are we to know? As to the following rhymes for instance—we don't believe that Prof. Vietor—being a foreigner, perhaps quite realizes that English speaking people consider them—as pronounced to-day—allowable rhymes. atchiue: live; wit: yet (yit Warwick dialect); theft: shift; parasites (Q. parasits): wits. Rimes in [ii]. wind, find, mind; unlived: deprived; memory: die. Set, counterfeit; Groom—Rome (the city) prove, love (always an allowable rhyme) cool'd—should: good—blood; worth, forth; bushes, rushes: English poetry teems with examples of their use. Of course if they disclose Elizabethan pronunciations they are startling enough to give one pause indeed. But it seems to us, at present safer to suspend judgment for further proof.

With Prof. Vietor's curious "Shakespeare Reader," which prints a number of selections from the Sonnets and the Plays arranged by Prof. Vietor's phonetic system—we must deal with further leisure for its examination. Prof. Vietor has no doubts to ventilate and no theories to propound in Higher Criticism. He does not explain how the lad with the fish-pole over his shoulder, going to the Avon, talked in one dialect while his contemporary produced Venus and Adonis—either as an exercise for Stratford school (though not exactly the sort of reading selected even in these days for infant minds) or in London within a year or two after his immigration there. He does not differentiate Warwickshire dialect from any other English dialect—or the better English supposed to have been spoken in London, nor find that dialect in certain portions of the plays and not in others. (This latter is what Dr. Morgan did—claiming

to find abundant Warwickshireisms in every one of the plays—but not a scintilla of a shade of it in the Venus and Adonis). Consequently, Prof. Vietor's books cannot be in anywise accepted as actual guides to the solution of the question of Shakespearean origin; though valuable contributions to a possible suggestion thereof they most certainly might become.

243. This is a new and enlarged edition of Francis Turner Palgrave's Treasury of Sacred Song. The collection includes chronologically all the finer and favorite Devotional poems from "Christ's nativity," by William Dunbar: circa 1500—to Lord Tennyson's pathetic, "In the Children's Hospital;" one is rather startled to find the name of William Shakespeare in the Index of Authors of Devotional Poems. But the selection given is the 146th Sonnet beginnnig "poor soul the centre of my sinful earth." Mr. Palgrave supplies the two first words of the second line—"Fool'd by" —which, it will be remembered in the first quarto, 1609, were by bad proof reading left unascertainable: This second line being printed, "My sinful earth, these rebbel powers that thee array"—("my sinful earth" having been doubtless repeated by the copy reader, and the error not caught by the compositor. This, by the way is one of the proofs that Shakespeare himself never revised this edition). An index of first lines of the three hundred and ninety-two poems included, makes this collection a useful Hymnal.

247. It is with rare delight (we know of no other expression that fits the case) that we read this third volume of Dr. Lounsbury's "Shakespeare Wars." We briefly noticed the two first. But now upon the appearance of this one the author's plan is disclosed and its admirable treatment challenges admiration. It is safe to say that these volumes are the highest form of Shakespearean criticism—the finest Shakespearean critcism that our libraries possess. Briefly, Dr. Lounsbury's thesis may be summed up thus: The text of Shakespeare, as we possess it to-day is the result of scholarship brought patiently to bear upon a body of Codes, as distinct as are the Patristic Codes—and far more numerous, and therefore the labor more complicated and intense. Every Quarto appearing during the Quarto period—say 1592 to 1616—(in several cases beyond that final date), every Folio appearing during the Folio period—is a Code. In the discussion and the sifting of these Codes many disputes between scholars have arisen—and these Dr. Lounsbury styles "Wars"—(not a strained term for them—since many of them have been not only tempestuous but hectic and hostile). In his first volume, Dr. Lounsbury devotes himself to the conditions of the first appearance of the Shakespeare Plays—as meteors not only without models but without parallels—and startling for the by no means minor

reason that they discarded Aristotle's Dogma—(or the Dogma that had even at that early date read out of Aristotle's Poetics) of the three Unities. Another innovation was their intermingling of the Comic and Tragic. Presenting then the Shakespeare Plays as Phenomena—in the first volume, "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist," Dr. Lounsbury begins his narrative of the Textus Receptus—and carries it to the early years of the Eighteenth Century—the stage history of the plays, their literary career, their Editors, including Rowe their first great Editor, Rymer their first enemy, down to the date when they attracted the attention of Europe when advanced to their attack—and often, too, to their defense—no less a giant than Voltaire. Dr. Lounsbury's second volume was, "Shakespeare and Voltaire," and here the narrative begins to be absorbing. Voltaire of course saw nothing but sin and blasphemy in the discarding of the unities and the commingling of tragic and comic in a single Drama. For the Law and the Prophets in Holy writ—Voltaire was careful to be known as exceedingly contemptuous. For the Law and the Prophets—(the three unities and the separation of Comedy and Tragedy) he battled to the death. What Voltaire would have Shakespeare to have been is best illustrated by his version of Hamlet's soliloquy—"To be or not to be." This is the Voltairian version—translated back from Voltaire's French translation thereof:—(a half pennyworth of Shakespeare to an intolerable deal of Voltaire)!

Pause, it is incumbent to choose and pass in an instant
From life to death, from existence to nothingness
Cruel gods, if there be any gods—enlighten my heart,
Must I grow old, bowed under the hand that insults me?
Endure, or ending ill-fortune and my fate?
Who am I? What holds me back? And what is death?
It is the end of our ills, it is my sole refuge:
After long delirium it is a tranquil slumber
One falls asleep and all dies!
But a frightful awakening
May perhaps succeed to the pleasures of sleep!
We are threatened, we are told, that this short life
Is by eternal torments immediately followed.
O death—fatal moment! dreadful eternity!
Every heart at thy name merely, is congealed with terror
Ah! were it not for thee, who could endure this life?

Who would bless the hypocrisy of our lying priests
Flatter the faults of an unworthy mistress ?
Grovel under a minister of State, pay court to his pride
And show the weakness of his downcast soul
To ingrate friends who turn away their eyes?
Death would be too sweet in extremities like these—
But doubt speaks—and cries out to us, Stop!
It forbids our hands indulging in that happy homicide
And of a warlike hero—makes a timid Christian.

In the third volume "The Text of Shakespeare," Dr. Lounsbury carries his narrative down through the period when Pope—then a Pope indeed of Literary England—as supreme and as despotic as Voltaire himself in France, took Shakespeare under jurisdiction, and produced the Plays in such form, with such readings, excisions, amendments and revisions as he thought best, (or it would seem to us now—thought worst!) Then and not until then arose a man whose name should be spoken with reverence by every lover of Shakespeare—Lewis Theobald. He brought back Shakespeare to life, and was rewarded for it by the Pillory. He was elected by Pope king of the Dunces in "The Dunciad"—(and Dr. Lounsbury points out that that poem was actually a battle field in a Shakespeare war—that, except as produced by a Shakespeare war it would not have been produced at all—and so the history of the Dunciad is parcel of Shakespearean history). Theobald was villified, abused, insulted and subjected to every indignity which Pope and his followers could invent. But he shines out the greatest Editor Shakespeare ever had, and, highly as he praises Lewis Theobald—Dr. Lounsbury cannot praise him too much. We will not curtail a moment of the reader's enjoyment by abstracting Dr. Lounsbury's beautiful narrative—a narrative not only as limped and as clarified as a mountain stream—but withal so decorated by an always irresistibly dry humor that there is not a tedious page in all three volumes. All the world knows of Theobald's immortal "babbled of green fields" which he extracted from the bald "and a table of Greenfields" of the Folio. But because it was a clear inspiration it might be supposed that Theobald lighted upon it by inspiration, and not by toil. Dr. Lounsbury shows that it was by toil, the most laborious, that Theobald arrived at all his wonderful readings. And in proof of it gives a few others, to wit: In the Comedy of Errors where Dromio of Syracuse says he finds France in a certain lady's forehead, armed and reverted

"making war against her hair," Pope and the rest haggled, quarreled and boggled—but could make nothing out of it. Theobald quietly changes "hair" to "heir," and explains that France (or the extreme Catholic party therein) was actually at about the date of the Play fighting against Henry of Navarre who was "her heir." When Hamlet wished that the Almighty had not fixed his cannon 'gainst self-slaughter—nobody understood what Shakespeare could have meant. By reading "canon" for "cannon," Theobald made it plain. Where Pistol says "I combat challenge of this Latin Bilbo;" what on earth, said the commentator, is a Latin Bilbo? But Theobald changed Latin into "Latten," and it is as once inteligible "latten" having been a base alloy, made to imitate silver. Pistol calls his enemy brummagem—sham! Enobarbus says, "Mine honesty and I begin to square, the loyalty well held to fools, does make our faith mere folly." Evident nonsense! But Theobald by writing "Tho'" for "The," made it apparent that what Enobarbus meant was that he began to see that to be loyal to a man blinded by passion was to be a fool oneself. And so on. We never laid down a work with more reluctance. We say again it is the finest Shakespearean criticism ever produced. And if this sounds extravagant praise—let those who object to it mention another work as fine.

248. The criticism here is the one we have so often occasion to make, namely that collective monographs upon features of lesser Shakespeare research—unless prepared by those familiar with the field, are of little real assistance. To collect the various items of any class of things—may be a task involving time and consultation of authorities. But without the raison de'etre of an item—the result is a catalogue merely, not even a catalogue raisonné. To the imbued student of Shakespeare there was a why and a wherefore—at least a conjectural one—to each of these orthographies!! Still this little book might be useful as a memorandum.

249. A most convenient reprint of Dr. Delitzch's epoc-making lectures. The letter—almost a ukase or papal bull from his majesty the Kaiser—intended to minify--but doubtless operating to magnify the importance of the lectures—and several other responses are printed in a minor type --and the apology for the Kaiser's letter—or Bull—from the pen of Dr. Carus is like everything we have come to expect from Dr. Carus, scholarly in moderation as well as in conviction. The lectures themselves are illustrated in the best helpful manner. As each cuneform manuscript—relic or exhibit is mentioned in the lecture—a drawing of it is morticed into the text. The book should be a permanently valuable one. Especially conservative

is Dr. Carus's summing up, "The battle concerning the Old Testament is as good as ended. But the nimbus of the Chosen People will no more disappear than the glory of Homer and Phidias and Pericles and Socrates can be dimmed because we can trace their greatness to conditions, and understand how they naturally grew and rose into being."

250 The Riverside Press presents an entirely new single-volumed Edition of Shakespeare, based upon an independent re-reading of the Quartos and Folios by Professor William A. Neilson, Professor of English in Harvard University. Professor Neilson claims that no time or pains has been spared to summon all possible evidence for the best solution of problems of text,—punctuation, spelling, elision, meter, stage directions,—and to balance judiciously all contentions as to the sources, dates, and authenticity of the plays. Especially helpful may be found the presentation of contemporary with modern stage directions, and the designated distinction between folio and quarto readings,—both marked, for the first time in any text, so that the eye at a glance sees the play as it was acted and published in Shakespeare's time, together with the versions which later editing produced. The conservative scholar will appreciate the close adherence to the readings of the early editions, while he profits by a re-punctuation according to modern usage, which gains clearness without sacrificing quality. The text of each play was decided upon after a special investigation of the Quarto and First Folio editions, and the grounds for the choice made are given in the separate introductions. The arrangement of the plays follows Professor Neilson's idea of a sane conpectural chronology, except as to the Histories, which follow the consecutiveness of the Reigns delineated. The Publishers call attention to the fact that comparison of the type with other single-volume Shakespeares will show a more readible surface on account of the face of the type, the paper being more opaque than that usually provided for single-volume Shakespeares.

258. Since the ridiculous Rymer we have existed two hundred and fourteen years without anything as ridiculous as this. We open at page 54), "In one and the same Shakespearean, artificially sentimental, language speak all the women who are intended to be poetic: Juliet, Desdemona, Cordelia, Imogen, Marina. In the same way, also, it is Shakespeare alone who speaks for his villains: Richard, Edmund, Iago, Macbeth, expressing for them those vicious feelings which villains never express. Yet more similar are the speeches of the madmen with their horrible words, and those of the fools with their mirthless puns." What shall we say to a critic

of Shakespeare who cannot distinguish between the speech of Juliet and Desdemona, or of that of Iago and Macbeth? Other people can see the difference; does blindness qualify one as a guide? Perhaps the answer comes when Count Tolstoy himself supplies the explanation, "the tilling of the soil is the only proper living healthy work and honest work for man to pass his time at?" Surely no sane person is to be expected to argue such a proposition as this. What the present essay seems to show is Tolstoy's absolute lack both of the sense of humor and of poetry. He can see in Shakespeare no profound philosophy, no poetry, no wit or humor, no depiction of character. He believes that the general admiration of Shakespeare is due to the fact that the world suffers from hypnotic suggestion imposed upon it by Goethe, who he thinks discovered Shakespeare. He seems ignorant of Dryden and Pope and Johnson and Theobald and Malone and the other English commentators who wrote about Shakespeare before Goethe ever heard of him—or he has forgotten them. Tolstoy is as mad as Lear.

I. H. P.

259. This is the best of all the Lives of Sir Henry Irving—the best because it tells the truth—nothing extenuates nor aught sets down in malice. It is copiously illustrated with portraits of Sir Henry in character. Demonstrating the wonderful facial differences between, say the youth Hamlet, the venerable Dr. Primrose, the nervous Robespierre, the beclouded Vanderdecken, the supercillious Charles First, the mystic Becket—facial differences which were nothing less than miraculous. And we know of no better selection of these portraits than these herein gathered. Mr. Fitzgerald sulrs over the fact, we think in this volume, that Sir Henry acquired most of his once enormous income in the United States. Englishmen perhaps do not care to remember this of their greatest actor, that their greatest actor drew his support from other lands than his own. But Mr. Fitzgerald is honest when he admits that Irving—even Irving—at last became stale in England—at last had achieved all his successes, and, burdened with debts, for he spent his American earnings in dazzling his London audiences feeling, as did Napoleon, that he was only an idol as long as he supplied Victories—began to work in heavy earnest, (alas, invita Minerva, to pay dividends upon his creations! Those who witnessed Sir Henry on his last tour in the United States; when, with tinsel trappings and the poorest support, and the most awful orchestra that ever filled up waits—he was trying to earn those dividends; felt that the inevitable was not far off. The

last scene of all could hardly have been more pathetic. On the evening of the thirteenth of October, 1905, Sir Henry played Becket for the last time. As his part was, he fell before the altar with "Into thy hands, O God." (Beckets—and as it proved—Sir Henry Irving's last coherent speech)! Taken to his hotel he was placed in a chair and almost instantly expired. The burial in the Abbey followed. But, says Mr. Fitzgerald, he is already forgotten; the poor player struts and frets his hour upon the stage and then is seen no more! A most generous, kindly man—as reckless as a Timon of Athens in largess to the unfortunate and in entertainment to his friends. But with the usual end. As to Sir Henry's real gifts as an actor there has been cavil, and there will be more. But there must have been something large in the way of genius that held us to him in spite of a pronunciation of his mother tongue, which, when adopted by any one else, produced only laughter—but which never interfered with our admiration and delight! There probably was not an actor living between the years 1865 and 1905 who did not speak better English than did Sir Henry Irving—and yet what other in those fully forty years, reigned so supreme!

260. Dr. Platt found an anagram in the long word Honorificabilitudinatatibus—to wit, the statement in excellent twentieth century Latin—"Hi ludi tuiti sibi Fr. Bacono nati,"—that is, "These Plays, originating with Francis Bacon are protected for themselves." But Mr. Neal Henry Ewing will have nothing to do with the long word spelt rationally (if there is no violence in using the word "rationally" in this connection). Mr. Ewing insists upon spelling it backwards "Subitatinidutilibacifironoh,"—this of course is in itself a good twentieth century Latin sentence, "Subitat nid utili bacfron." "Bacfron" to be sure, is a bit shaky, but this is a small matter. By calling it "Fr. Bacon" we have the translation "often into useful nest steals Francis Bacon." However these scholarly men disagree, the result alike is Bacon. Bacon always Bacon. Thus out of his own mouth is William Shakespeare confounded and the immortal author of the Plays disclosed!

263. This is the initial volume of The Bankside-Restoration series projected by The New York Shakespeare Society originally in the year 1893. Whatever else has been done in Shakespearean fields, certainly no prior attempt to this has been made to exhibit by actual paralleled facsimile the attempt of the "Restorationists" to atone for the havoc wrought to Literature, and especially to Dramatic Literature—by the Puritans. That the effort to destroy Shakespeare as immoral should have led to his

"Restoration" with an added immorality ten thousand fold as large, until his concessions to (which were in good part, ameliorations of), the taste of his age should become bestial suggestions and the utmost lisence of obscenity under his successor—surely here is a lesson for the unco-Purists! Mr. Vickery in his Introduction has well brought out the understanding of the Second Caroline reign that any amount of lubricity and nastiness was welcome, so only those ancient bores the Three Unities—were observed. Only two hundred and fifty sets of this unique work are to be issued, the demand for these volumes being unfortunately limited to those able to possess them as a prize for their private collections. We wish that it could have been otherwise, and that every public library could comprise them!

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Victoria Hotel.

TOUR OF MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD

Oct. 26th

My dear Sir:

comprehended me —

and I desire very

anxiously to be comprehended

and rightly comprehended

upon that point

I am especially

gratified that you

believe me to be,

dear Sir,

Very gratefully Yours

Richard Mansfield

To Appleton Morgan, Esq. LL.D.